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# THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

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## A Matter of Honour

SO far this year the Prime Minister has lost Defence and Trade and Industry Secretaries, and now a deputy party chairman. The affair which brought about the first two resignations, the ownership of Westland Helicopters, had more political significance than the salacious details emerging of Debbie or Monica Coghlan, but the resignation of Mr Jeffrey Archer can hardly be helpful to a party enjoying a rapid recovery in the polls and claiming to represent the best of moral values. The latest scandal has an old-fashioned atmosphere to it. It brings more echoes of Profumo than Thorpe or Parkinson.

The details remain confused. As we are to understand it from Mr Archer's statement on Sunday, he received a telephone call from a woman of whom he had not heard and had not met, Ms Coghlan, claiming that she was a prostitute and that a client of hers was putting it about that Mr Archer had had an association with her. Whilst emphasising that this was untrue and that he had never met or heard of his mystery telephone caller, Mr Archer offered to pay her money to leave the country. Mr Archer considers that this was a lack of judgment, and has consequently resigned. On that rendition of events Mr Archer's judgment was utterly correct: offering Ms Coghlan money to leave the country was an error of judgment. So was sending an agent to Victoria Station with an envelope of banknotes for Ms Coghlan. Add in some journalistic practice which is nearer the seamier end of the private detective world and some dubious bugging of people and telephones, and you have a squalid episode in British semi-public life.

*Report, page 3*
*Profiles, page 4*

Mr Archer's appointment to a senior position in the Conservative Party caused some surprise and involved some risk. After an unfortunate start, when he managed to insult and misunderstand the unemployed, he knuckled down and worked hard for no pay. It was Mr Archer's proud boast that he visited more constituency organisations than anyone else. He went out from the centre to reassure the party workers, so important at election time, that they were being thought about and listened to. At least once a fortnight he would meet the Prime Minister and report to her the mood of the grassroots. Mrs Thatcher, reportedly, would listen most carefully. The Tories in the constituencies have strong and uncompromising views, on everything from hanging to private morality. They would not waste time on detailed analysis of the News of the World; rather they would know that Mr Archer featured in the allegations, and draw their, perhaps unfair, conclusions.

Mr Archer was not an elected politician. He did not have access to state secrets, so bracketing his name, however unfairly, with a prostitute, could not be presented as a security risk. It was his association with the party rank and file, and what the party stood for, that made his going essential. You cannot be the party of family life and Victorian values and then complain if you are judged by these standards. Politically, the damage should not last long, only add to the rather tawdry atmosphere which surround aspects of the Tory Party. This is shown in its more serious form in the Westland affair which the Commons debates this week. Here are issues of morality which are most certainly public.

# Europeans refuse to back Britain

***BRITAIN broke off diplomatic relations with Syria last week after evidence at the El Al bomb plot trial that the Syrian Government and its ambassador in London, Dr Loutof Allah Haydar, had been implicated. The British secret service has independent evidence of the Syrian involvement. At the trial Nezar Hindawi, aged 32, a Jordanian, was found guilty of plotting to blow up the Boeing airliner on a flight from London to Tel-Aviv and was sentenced to 45 years' imprisonment.***

***Britain had hoped for support from its European partners for its actions against Damascus, similar to that from the US and Canada, which withdrew their ambassadors, but Community foreign ministers offered only "understanding and support" of the decision to break links. They flatly rejected any of the other more important concrete measures suggested by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe. The outcome is bound to infuriate Mrs Thatcher and dismay the US Administration, which announced its own measures on Monday, including travel restrictions on Syrian diplomats stationed in the US, a ban on flights by Syrian Arab Airlines to the United States, stepped up security arrangements at US airports, and putting some pressure on the Saudi Government to halt economic aid to Syria. The US would also issue a "travel advisory", warning Americans not to travel to the country.***

(Reports, pages 5 and 6)

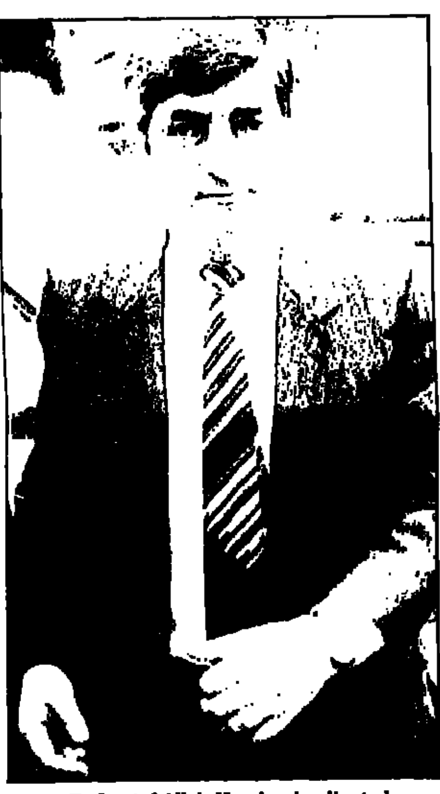
# First steps and second thoughts

THE deep complicity of Damascus in an almost successful plot to kill 380 people on board an El Al jumbo flying from Heathrow left the Government with no immediate option but to close the Syrian Embassy and break diplomatic relations. We now know that Nezar Hindawi, acting on a Syrian briefing, carried out one of the least forgiveable crimes ever to have been recited at the Old Bailey. We also know what has long been suspected, that the Syrian Embassy, though it doesn't shoot so randomly from the hip, is at least as closely involved in terrorism as the Libyan People's Bureau was, and with a larger hit list. Indeed, to judge by the narrative, the US Defence Department may have picked the wrong target in revenge for the bombing in Berlin — though that emphatically does not mean it should now look for another. We can suspect that the Hindawi trial will provoke untold reprisals not confined to the Middle East. What we don't know, and probably never will, is in which of the murky depths of intrigue the plot was conceived, and to what degree President Hafiz Al-Assad gave his personal blessing.

Did Mr Assad give general authority for a vengeance attack after the humiliating Israeli interception of an aircraft bound for Syria? Did he leave the details, including the murder by the bomber of his pregnant girlfriend, to less fastidious brigadier-generals and lieutenant-colonels in the Syrian Intelligence Service? Even that degree of exculpation is not allowed him by some Syrians in the know. They are fearful, and rightly so after the Hindawi episode, that his means to achieving his ambitions for Syria may know no bounds. David Hirst's exploration of that labyrinth, on page 6, is as expert as any likely to be made. But what is unknown about the planning of the attack pales into significance against the knowledge that, as the IRA said after the Brighton bombing, the defenders can succeed any number of times but the attackers need succeed only once.

So the immediate instinct to sever reltions was inevitable, even though the consequences may not have been thought through. Clearly Dr Loutof Allah Haydar and all others named in the trial had to be bundled out of the court of St James's with as little courtesy as could be spared. The dictum that relations are needed even with obnoxious regimes is momentarily overridden, and understandably so. For it would not be enough to impose the tightest surveillance on the crews of Syrian Arab Airlines. How could we be sure that the airline method of delivering explosives to the Royal Garden Hotel was not superseded by the diplomatic bag method direct to Belgrave Square?

Regimes which ignore the conventions on which diplomacy rests are something with which governments generally have yet come to terms. By creating a common frontier against terrorist suspects the Europeans have struck a seemingly tough posture, but


*Dr Loutof Allah Haydar, implicated in El-Al bomb plot.*

it is likely to cause only wry smiles at the Abu Nidal headquarters in Damascus. There are ways and means, as Hindawi's dual passports and trans-continental entry visas showed. No revised convention on diplomatic immunity is ever going to consent to the search of diplomatic baggage. It might, of course, be done surreptitiously by electronic apparatus, but that is not a knave-proof method. On this occasion the El Al security guard was one step ahead of the bomber, but that is not usually the case. The terrorist is normally one step ahead of the security services. What other expedients remain to increase diplomatic security (for it can never be guaranteed)?

An expedient worth closer scrutiny would be to have two levels of diplomatic immunity. One would apply to governments in the major league whose bags would be immune from search as before. The other would apply to proven or even suspected mavericks who could be represented in another capital only if they opened their baggage. The receiving country would, of course, have to submit to the same discipline on sending its own representatives abroad, but so far as is known Britain has no reason for exporting Semptex explosives to Damascus.

Of course the temptation is to say that Middle East terrorism of this kind would disappear if the Israelis and the Palestinians could be induced to negotiate a peace settlement involving the return of land under Israeli occupation. The same panacea applies elsewhere: solve "The Irish Problem" and that's the end of the IRA. But there is no evidence that the Israeli-Palestinian dispute has a solution as it is traditionally presented. Even if it had, that would not dispose of terrorism automatically. The internecine frictions within the Palestinian diaspora and among neighbouring Arab rulers are at least as fierce as those between Israelis and Arabs as a whole. Not even the heart-felt plea that Europe should be left out of the conflict carries much conviction. Causes lie as deep within European politics as Middle Eastern and, however desirable it might be that the Arab world should be compartmentalised for purposes of eliminating terrorism, that cannot be brought about.

The contrariness of it all is President Assad's unique position in the Middle East, which combines the attributes of shrewd realist and terrorist co-ordinator. Whether we like him or not, he represents a regional power which cannot be ignored. He runs an oppressive regime whose torture record took even Amnesty International aback. He harbours anyone opposing the mainstream PLO in which, if anywhere, the germs of a possible regional settlement lie dormant. Yet his record in Lebanon has been mainly beneficent. He has kept an uneasy armistice with Israel and for the most part has played down (even while sometimes talking up) the danger of yet another Arab-Israeli war.

Whether the Israeli Government under Mr Shamir will read the Hindawi trial as a recent predecessor read the attempted murder of the ambassador in London is now one of the big open questions. The attempt on Mr Argov precipitated the Lebanese invasion. Israel has no reason for conflict with a Syria which, in conventional arms, is a closer match now than it has been before. And, as seen from Tel-Aviv, the Hindawi affair is but one of many incidents spread across Europe (Paris, Madrid, Vienna . . .) which could have provided a casus belli. The attempt by Mr Anthony Gray, QC for Hindawi, to implicate the Israeli intelligence arm Mossad in a frame-up cut little ice with the jury and did not commend itself to the judge. Mossad and its internal counterpart, Shin Beth, are allowed much latitude by the Israeli authorities. Possibly that is true of Syrian intelligence also. The results have been abhorrent, but in the two-tier level of conduct which is commonplace in the Middle East it is vital that political realism remains in control in both the main contending capitals.

In sum, the horror of events that might have been provokes simple — and probably inevitable — actions. Not just Israel but America and Germany, too, will be pondering what comes next. But nothing about Syria, its role, its importance, is simple. We know now — in lurid detail — what we guessed before. But that knowledge brings only problems.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



# When the media keep quiet over Star Wars

Star Wars, or the Strategic Defence Initiative, is never likely to shoot down a single missile, but it is proving remarkably successful in shooting down disarmament proposals. It has now shot down the Iceland summit.

It is necessary to understand why Soviet military advisers will *not* permit Mr Gorbachev to agree to deep cuts in strategic missiles so long as SDI goes ahead. There are no high-tech mysteries here; it is a matter of primary school arithmetic.

No one, least of all the US military, believes in Mr Reagan's prospectus of a leak-proof shield, protecting the peoples of "the free world." What might be in prospect is greatly upgraded ABM defences, including novel space-based technologies, which could (in theory) offer to destroy a proportion of incoming missiles and to make a tight network of defences around small strategic areas, such as missile silo fields.

Such technologies would attain the great goal of the arms race: superiority over the other side. If one side were to put up such defences, the instinct of the military on the other side would be to *multiply* their ICMBs in order to overwhelm the defences and regain "parity."

If both sides were to agree to cut their strategic arms by 50 per cent and to be bound by treaty not to increase them, the US, by introducing SDI point-defences, could (in theory) cut the effectiveness of the remaining Soviet armoury by a further 50 per cent. The arithmetic is that the US would come down from 100 to 50; the USSR would also come down to 50, and SDI would then reduce them to 25.

Soviet military advisers will not sanction this reversal of "parity." I am not defending the Soviet position. I consider the mystique of "parity" to be part of the problem, not the solution. But this is the way in which the military on both sides — and in Britain — think.

What is discouraging is that these and other matters relating to SDI have been patiently explained in a hundred places over the past 18 months.

Despite this, the media in this country rabbit on in an illiterate way, treating SDI (if at all) as an exotic high-tech question, and ignoring the manifest political issues. The campaign against Star Wars, initiated last year by END and vigorously joined by CND, Greenpeace, SANA and a score of other bodies in a wide alliance, has gone almost unreported.

The BBC news and commentary programmes have been especially otiose. They continue to wheel on compliant "defence experts" and politicians who — with the exception of Denis Healey — are usually, on this matter, half-briefed or half-witted.

Our Defence Secretary, George Younger, assured the listening public that the Russians are "quite a way ahead" on an SDI system. This is directly untrue: Mr Younger should read, among other things, John Pike on Star Wars. But no concerned scientist or informed spokesman of the peace movement is permitted to answer.

I am not, Sir, complaining at the Guardian. Your own defence correspondent and your editorial comments have been of a higher order. But the wider conduct of public discussion has been deplorable.

Although our Government has signed a (secret) memorandum of understanding committing us to support SDI, there has been (I think) only one brief debate in the Commons (the Lords have done a little better).

Recently you reported that a book by Dr Richard Ennals — which throws light on the memorandum — has been inexplicably suppressed by his own publisher. It is difficult not to conclude that there is an orchestrated hush-up.

I conclude also that President Reagan went to Iceland determined to sign no agreements unless they offered a promise of gains in American "superiority." That is much what we should have expected from him and from Richard Perle.

The scandal is that the British Government which should — with its allies in Western Europe — be cutting itself loose from this obscenely expensive and dishonest diversionary ploy, is sunk up to its glass eyes in complicity: "Get thee glass eyes, and like a scurvy politician seem to see the things thou dost not!"

**E. P. Thompson,**
European Nuclear Disarmament,
11 Goodwin Street,
London N4.

Sooner or later the US and the USSR may have to ally to fight a common foe from outside the solar system. The SDI could be essential for that defence of earth; and for the prevention of nuclear war on earth, making nuclear weapons obsolete.

Future generations of the whole world will be grateful for Mr Reagan's courageous stand in Reykjavik. I am now.

**James Arnold,**
15 Endsor Road,
Keighley, W. Yorkshire.

# Whitehouse lobby speeds censorship

The fact that Mrs Whitehouse, president of the National Viewers and Listeners Association, has successfully lobbied advertisers to prevent them taking spots on Channel Four's Friday movie spot is extremely alarming, and demonstrates the folly of the station's exercise.

A similar campaign in the United States succeeded in forcing US networks to cancel shows like Lou Grant because of pressure from right-wing groups over content.

However, what is most disturbing about the red triangle warning symbol shown on screens throughout these films, is not merely the irritation it causes the viewers, but the image it presents to extremist moral groups of films which are being shown to bring in large groups of Sun readers to the channel.

Perhaps the absurdity of the campaign was best demonstrated with the showing last Friday of a harrowing and bleak portrayal of slum life in Brazil. Pixote is probably the best film to come from Brazil in many years and has featured extensively on recent documentaries about the country.

That it and artistic works by other fine directors should be demeaned in a rather blatant exercise to stir controversy — and to increase viewing figures — shows a rather pathetic lack of those ideals with which the fourth channel was launched four years ago. That silly triangle should be dropped. If, as Channel Four says, they are all films which would be shown anyway by the IBA, why insult our intelligence as viewers any more?

**Conor Ryan,**
77 Ashbourne Road,
Mitcham, Surrey.

# Celebrating the RAN's anniversary in gaol

Sydney has just experienced the celebrations of the Royal Australian Navy's 75th anniversary. Yet as I sit here in my 6ft x 12ft concrete cell at Long Bay gaol I wonder just how many people stopped to think about the destructive potential of the nuclear weapons that were aboard some of those visiting warships. I also wonder how many people recognise the extent of Australia's part in the arms race and the nuclearisation of the Pacific by supporting the movement of these ships.

OK, the law says you are not allowed to fly an ultralight aircraft in Sydney Harbour and drop a wreath of flowers commemorating Hiroshima victims over a visiting warship because it is considered dangerous. So now I am paying the price for those actions, but what about the dangers of a nuclear accident like the Russian submarine that went down, or the risk of being a nuclear target, while these ships are here. Isn't the potential danger to millions of people's innocent lives worth considering, when we welcome in foreign warships? Remember, America even bans its own nuclear warships from entering some of its ports due to these risks.

Is it wrong to care for our planet and act in whatever way we feel comfortable with to ensure life on earth as we know it will continue for our future generations to enjoy? Or is it right to sit back and tolerate being used and abused by nuclear countries in their quest for World supremacy?

Do we need the threat of planetary destruction to keep us at peace and under control or is it actually possible to love and trust our fellow human beings and live in harmony with all creation, to manifest a real Peace on Earth.

Towards a greener and peacefilled planet.

**Dean Jefferys,**
NSW, Australia.

# Wanted: a physicist to stake his reputation on SDI

The south central branch of the Institute of Physics will be holding a meeting in Brighton this February on the subject of Star Wars. Speaking against will be Dr Les Allen, a well-known laser physicist, and Dr Richard Ennals, the computer expert who resigned from Imperial College on the issue and whose book on the Space Defence Initiative has been so mysteriously withdrawn by the publishers.

The institute would like to find a scientist of comparable authority to defend the basic concept, but so far none has materialised. That is a measure of the scorn in which SDI is held by the great majority of the physics community on which its realisation depends, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Many independent detailed studies, some of the best having been in the US, having shown that for SDI to work, even in terms of today's missile systems, demands the simultaneous and perfect operation of a number of technologies which do not yet exist and which must each be enormously expensive to develop.

By the time it can be deployed, which even its proponents admit cannot be fewer than 20 years hence, offensive missile capability will have increased vastly both in quantity and sophistication. The Soviet Union can easily swamp any defensive system at present in prospect, but of course in ways which will accelerate the arms race; this is the fundamental reason why significant cuts in missile stocks are linked to the postponement of ABM space-based research and development.

It is also why SDI should be strenuously opposed by those — the great majority of mankind — who wish to end that ruinous competition.

SDI is more properly called Star Wars, a fantasy unconnected with the real world. For this vain delusion President Reagan has rejected the possibility of the most important disarmament proposal in history. I hope that as many people as possible will urge their governments to persuade the American administration that it must remove this absurd and flimsy obstacle to a major step toward world peace.

**(Prof) Keith Puttick,**
1 Maple Road,
Billinghurst, W. Sussex.

# Time to pull the plug on children's TV

Your leader "Junk violence for our children" (September 7), doesn't even come close to describing ("pernicious rubbish") the appalling effects of American children's television and the associated toy marketing.

However, it is a mistake to believe that the problems can be solved by focussing on a demand for "good" children's programming. *All* shows produced in the US today claim socially redeeming themes, such as not telling lies or only using force for protection. This red herring makes it impossible to condemn them for the lessons they would presume to teach, while our little ones absorb only the glossy violence and huckstering.

The social science research that could positively evaluate the harmful aspects of kid-vid and allow us to make reasoned judgments has yet to be done. And yet, any parent here can tell you that TV watching *does* turn children into hyperactive and insatiable toy consumers. We know it's bad, but aren't sure why.

Learn from our sad mistakes. Don't entrust your discriminating powers to clever operators. Parents: just pull the plug on children's TV.

**Dr Jennifer Gille,**
101 Hagar Ct,
Santa Cruz, CA.

# Deaths on the road

The article on Random Breath Tests (October 26) mentions a figure of 1,500 deaths on the road each year. This figure is somewhat misleading. The present fatality rate for Britain is in the region of 5,500 a year. Some 1,500 of these are known to be drink related.

The article quotes a Royal College of Psychiatrists spokesman as saying: "The government does not put a high priority on health." It is unfortunately true that a mere 5,500 people killed each year is not a vote catching issue.

Despite the effort we engineers, road safety officers, police and Rospa put into the improvement of road safety and accident prevention, it will only be when the general public is made more aware of the problems, penalties (both financial and emotional) and solutions to road crashes, that they will see the need to influence government and thus enable the resources to be produced to tackle the problem realistically.

**Kevin Walsh,**
Vice Chairman,
Highways and Traffic Technicians Association,
Kendal, Cumbria.

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# Big Bang fizzles

By Peter Rodgers, Mary Brasier and Mark Milner

THE Stock Exchange's so-called Big Bang was more of a crunch as the computer systems collapsed under the load from dealers in the new markets on Monday.

In spite of claims by the chairman, Sir Nicholas Goodison, that the overall development of the systems was a triumph, there was widespread anger among dealers at what was seen as a Stock Exchange failure.

It came after weeks in which the exchange had lectured them on the deficiencies of their own computers in the build-up to the first day of trading in the restructured American-style markets. The exchange has spent £80 million in the past four years in preparing for the new market.

Sir Nicholas blamed an "unprecedented and abnormal load on the system because of first-day interest. If you put a new dodo or a monkey in the zoo, people will queue up to see it in the first five minutes," he said.

He called the breakdown a "small technological accident" and said there was no evidence that anything was wrong with the system. "I would much rather this happened on the first day rather than the third day," he added. Stock Exchange computer systems had had an "extraordinary degree of reliability."

The failure was caused by people calling up price information pages on their screens at the peak rate of 200 a second. The Topic system, which disseminates share prices to dealers, had been tested to that level but not for sustained periods.

The result at 8.29am was that the system crashed and the linked SEAQ computer (Stock Exchange Automated Quotations) had to be suspended at 8.47am, 13 minutes before the official market opening, because nobody in the City could see the prices it was recording. SEAQ did not come into sustained operation again for another 68 minutes.

The main thrust of Big Bang is to get share dealing away from the Stock Exchange floor on to the electronic pricing system, of which SEAQ is the heart. But as the first day began there was a huge anticlimax because there was no electronic market place in which to trade.

Most dealers kept calm in spite of sleepless nights and what one described as "first night nerves." They either slowed their business or went back to the old telephone system or to the floor of the exchange — where the technology is the primitive one of pencil and paper — with one muttering that "nothing could replace the old fashioned broker."



*Before and after — Mr Jeffrey Archer at the Tory Party conference and (right) leaving London for his country home on Sunday.*

# Archer resigns over pay-off scandal

By James Naughtie

MR JEFFREY ARCHER, novelist and politician, resigned as deputy chairman of the Conservative Party on Sunday in a bizarre scandal which embarrassed his Government and left his political career in ruins for the second time.

Mr Archer said he had fallen into a trap which led him foolishly to offer a pay-off to a prostitute whom he had never met. The News of the World, using tape recordings and photographs, published an account and by lunchtime Mr Archer was gone.

He had several conversations with Mr Norman Tebbit, the party chairman, and one, it is understood, with the Prime Minister. Each expressed deep personal sympathy, but there was no effort to persuade him to stay.

He drove from London to his home in Cambridgeshire to be with his family, promising that he would pick himself up, but clearly distraught at his fall and the embarrassment caused to the party as it prepares itself for a general election. "I have been silly, very foolish. What else can I say?" he said.

After 14 months as deputy chairman, he said he was very sad to leave. "It has been very thrilling, as well as a privilege."

His resignation removes from the front-line of politics an extravagant character who built his own image: near bankrupt turned millionaire novelist, failed MP made good as a leading party campaigner and image-maker.

In a statement issued by his solicitor, Lord Mishcon, the Labour peer, Mr Archer said he had been guilty of an error of judgment in arranging for a friend to pay about £2,000 in £50 notes to the prostitute, Miss Monica Coghlan, in a rendezvous at Platform 3 of Victoria Station.

He denied vigorously that he had ever met Miss Coghlan and said he had fallen into a trap. For some weeks efforts have been made to sell to Fleet Street newspapers allegations made by Miss Coghlan, who Mr Archer said had telephoned him several times.

With the memory of the Parkinson affair still fresh, another resignation in embarrassing circumstances is distinctly unwelcome in Downing Street. Mrs Thatcher is fond of Mr Archer and has been seeing him regularly, and his departure is a blow.

Mr Tebbit said he very much regretted the loss of his deputy. "I know that he will continue to be a firm supporter of the party and Government," he said. "His energy and enthusiasm will be greatly missed at Central Office. I hope Jeffrey and his family will now be left alone by the press."

During his months as deputy chairman Mr Archer made some celebrated early gaffes, but became a formidable campaigner in the party, travelling constantly across the country in an effort to enthuse the troops. His fame as a novelist, which brings him an income estimated by some at £2 million a year, gave him an enviable celebrity status on the hustings.

This week he was contemplating political disaster for the second time. In 1974 he left the Commons after being threatened with bankruptcy for debts of nearly £500,000 after a series of foolish investments.

His wife, Mary, said in Cambridgeshire that she believed that he had never met Miss Coghlan, and that she would support him. "I am ready for all eventualities, like a good girl guide. I don't know whether I am a good backup, but I am very strong."

Mr Tebbit and Mrs Thatcher hope that his quick confession of misjudgment will stop much of the potential political damage. They take the view that he acted honourably after behaving foolishly. Like other political observers they will have noted the irony evident in Mr Archer's latest bestseller, A Matter of Honour.

# 'Foolishly I fell into a trap'

*MR JEFFREY ARCHER announced his resignation in the following statement:*

*"I have never, repeat never, met Monica Coghlan, nor have I ever had any association of any kind with a prostitute.*

*"Some weeks ago I received a telephone call from a woman who gave the name Debbie. She told me that she was a prostitute and that a 'client' of hers was letting it be known that we had met in Shepherd Market and had had an association.*

*"I told her that this was absolutely false and that to my knowledge we had never met.*

*"I subsequently received further telephone calls from her to the effect that the press were pursuing her as a result of disclosures to them by her 'client' and that she did not know how to avoid the press. At this time her 'client' was insistent that we had, in fact, met.*

*"Foolishly, as I now realise, I allowed myself to fall into what I can only call a trap in which a newspaper, in my view, played a reprehensible part.*

*"In the belief that this woman genuinely wanted to be out of the way of the press and realising that for my part any publicity of this kind would be extremely harmful to me and for which a libel action would be no adequate remedy, I offered to pay her money so that she could go abroad for a short period, and arranged for this money to be paid over to her.*

*"For the lack of judgment and that alone I have tendered my resignation to the Prime Minister as deputy chairman of the Conservative Party."*

# Mortgage rates up

BRITAIN'S biggest building society, the Halifax, announced a 1¼ per cent increase in the mortgage rate from November 1. The society blamed the recent rise in market interest rates, and warned of possible further increases if bank base rates continued to rise. Other building societies followed the Halifax's lead, though some said the rise was not enough.

## Liberal shift

LIBERAL MPs last week approved a defence policy designed to heal the party's breach over Britain's nuclear deterrent which Mr David Steel claimed as a unified strategy for the Liberal-SDP Alliance.

The Liberal leader won approval from his MPs for a statement approved 24 hours by the party's policy committee which acknowledges that a British minimum nuclear deterrent would be maintained — with necessary modernisation — until it could be negotiated away as part of a worldwide arms negotiation.

It emphasises in a gesture to the party's strong contingent opposed to a maintained nuclear deterrent, the commitment to disarmament and reiterates extra Liberal commitment to Nato. Conventional forces should be strengthened after the cancellation of Trident; a minimum nuclear deterrent should be maintained if necessary (at no greater capacity than Polaris); a higher priority should be given to disarmament; further talks should take place on European cooperation and initiatives to reduce international tension, including withdrawal from President Reagan's Star Wars programme.

## A dud car

A RETIRED businessman whose new Nissan Laurel car broke down after only 142 miles, and three weeks, was not entitled to his money back because he had not rejected the vehicle soon enough, a High Court judge ruled last week.

Mr Justice Rougier held in a test case that the £8,000 car's breakdown meant it was of "unmerchantable quality" when it was delivered.

The judge dismissed a money back claim by Mr Leslie Bernstein, of Ealing, West London, against Pamsons Motors, of Golders Green. He awarded him £238 damages, plus costs, against the company for its breach of manufacturers' warranty in delivering the car with a defect that went "far beyond" the teething troubles new car buyers would expect.

## BBC settles

OVERRULING their own board of managers, the governors of the BBC settled out of court libel actions brought by the Conservative MPs, Mr Neil Hamilton and Mr Gerald Howarth, who had been named in a television programme among extreme right-wingers said to have infiltrated the party. Each got £20,000 damages and costs, bringing total costs against the BBC to about £500,000. The board of managers had wanted to pursue their defence in the courts.

# Police find drugs cash laundry

By Andrew Rawnsley

A TASK force of British detectives working in America has uncovered a multi-million pound network of organised crime involving drug smuggling and money laundering in Britain and the US.

Eleven people, including US attorneys, have been indicted in Florida, and Scotland Yard said that arrests would follow in London.

The task force was set up to investigate the £26 million Brink's Mat gold bullion robbery in November 1984. Led by the deputy assistant commissioner, Mr Brian Worth, the investigation took the detectives to the British Virgin Islands, Anguilla, the Isle of Man and across Europe, where they discovered a complex web of offshore tax haven companies.

Important information was received from an American citizen whose extradition from Britain on three charges of murder is being sought by the US government.

Mr Billy Youth, of the US Drugs Enforcement Agency in Miami, said: "There is a massive drug laundering of money into the Isle of Man and the British Virgin Islands. We are talking in excess of $30 million into both of these islands." He expected much more money would be discovered.

## FOREIGN EXCHANGES

| | Sterling Rates October 27 | Previous Closing Rates |
|---|---|---|
| Australia | 2.1910-2 1950 | 2 2065-2.2080 |
| Austria | 20 23-20.26 | 20.20-20 23 |
| Belgium | 59.65-59 75 | 59.49-59 68 |
| Canada | 1 9515-1 9545 | 1.9598-1.9613 |
| Denmark | 10.81-10.83 | 10.77-10 81 |
| France | 9.39-9.41 | 9.36-9 37 |
| Germany | 2.87-2.88 | 2.861-2 866 |
| Hong Kong | 10.97-10.98 | 11.02-11 03 |
| Ireland | 1.0543-1.0553 | 1.0532-1.0542 |
| Italy | 1,985-1,990 | 1,978-1,983 |
| Japan | 225.85-226.35 | 227.47-227.92 |
| Netherlands | 3.253-3.257 | 3 232-3 236 |
| Norway | 10.47-10 48 | 10 46-10 50 |
| Portugal | 210.05-210.90 | 208.69-209.64 |
| Spain | 191.90-192.20 | 191.60-192 05 |
| Sweden | 9.81-9.83 | 9.82-9 83 |
| Switzerland | 2.383-2.386 | 2.35-2 36 |
| USA | 1.4065-1.4075 | 1.4125-1.4135 |
| ECU | 1 3785-1.3802 | 1.3754-1.3772 |

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**Ian Aitken examines what the Archer scandal tells us about the Prime Minister's leadership**

# *Why did Mrs Thatcher fail to read the signs?*

LADIES and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. Kindly fasten your seatbelts and locate the brown paper bag tucked into your seat pocket. We are about to enter an area of moral turbulence such as occurs from time to time during Conservative governments.

I refer, of course, to the allegations published on Sunday in Rupert Murdoch's Sunday Pornograph, alias the News Of The World. Poor Mr Jeffrey Archer, himself no mean hand with the soft porn, is this year's victim.

If the NoW is to be believed — and it clearly bugged all but one of the important conversations in the affair — Mr Archer attempted through an intermediary to buy off a young prostitute who was touting allegations about him to the tabloids. Just what those allegations were, and whether they had any substance, was not entirely clear in the story — no doubt deliberately.

The whole episode (as the NoW pointed out more than once) bears a striking resemblance to Archer's own best-selling political novel, First Among Equals. The only difference of substance is that the fictional version had a happy ending.

This writer has to confess that he was taken completely by surprise by this sudden moral eruption. To be sure, there had been rumours of an impending sex scandal during the Tory party conference last month. But then there are almost always rumours of impending sex scandals at Tory party conferences. Only occasionally do they emerge on to the front pages.

Indeed, there has not been a scandal worth the name since the 1983 conference, when (you will remember) the man credited with winning the preceding General Election for Mrs Thatcher found himself the victim of another of Mr Murdoch's newspapers — on that occasion, the Times. We need not rake over the details of that affair, save to say that the lady in the Parkinson plot was several cuts above the one in Mr Archer's dismal little story. But she brought Mr Parkinson down just the same.

There was considerable argument at the time because those who saw Mr Parkinson's conduct towards Miss Keays as quite bad enough to justify his departure and those who argued that it was a mere peccadillo. No doubt much the same argument will now take place around the different facts of the Archer case. After all, say the wise guys, wouldn't we all . . .?

Well, no actually, we wouldn't. But that is just in passing. In political terms there are two further issues which arise from the Parkinson and Archer scandals, *one more serious than the other.*

To paint the less serious one first, the question that leaps immediately to mind in the wake of Mr Archer's resignation is, what on earth are the criteria which Mrs Thatcher employs in choosing the kind of man she wishes to have close to her? For Mr Archer (as he proudly boasted) was certainly close to the Prime Minister, and Mr Parkinson was closer still.

Now, handsome, self-made Mr Parkinson was and is a likeable, fairly intelligent, optimistic and above all plausible fellow with perhaps only a little more than his fair share of clay around the feet. He won Mrs Thatcher's admiration and gratitude for his performance as the Government's main TV spokesman during the Falklands War.

So she could have been forgiven for not noticing the clay feet when she put him in charge of winning the 1983 election. Her judgment seemed justified when Mr Parkinson delivered a landslide victory instead of a mere win. Whatever else she may be, Mrs Thatcher has never been a woman to argue with success.

But Mr Archer? Well, he was certainly a success in the specialised sense that he had made even more money than Mr Parkinson, and had done it from scratch a great deal faster. What's more, he, too, was handsome, cheerful, likeable and optimistic.

But plausible? If so, it was the plausibility of the door-to-door encyclopaedia salesman, a variety which should be transparent to all but *the very young and inexperienced.*

Worse still, he also had a well-documented record — a record which involved not only his much-publicised near bankruptcy but also some spectacular and thoroughly-chronicled cat-fights over his conduct as a highly-paid professional fund raiser. So tarnished was his image at that stage in his career that even Harold Wilson, not a man to be unnecessarily fastidious in such matters, once refused to attend one of Archer's fund-raising events on the grounds that the organiser was keeping too much for himself.

***"So tarnished was his image at that stage in his career that even Harold Wilson, not a man to be unnecessarily fastidious in such matters, once refused to attend one of Archer's fund-raising events on the grounds that the organiser was keeping too much for himself."***

All this must have been known to Mrs Thatcher, who has been in politics rather longer than Mr Archer. And even if she had forgotten it, there were plenty of people who should have reminded her when she appointed Mr Archer as deputy chairman of the Conservative Party, and again when she recruited him as one of the intimates who gave her regular private briefings.

Those tête-à-tête briefings took place at least once a fortnight — a sight more often than most Cabinet ministers are allowed to see their boss in private. They appear to have covered a good deal more than Mr Archer's strict brief as a party functionary, since they include the deputy chairman's view about the performance of ministers, and even their eligibility (or otherwise) for promotion.

Of course, Mrs Thatcher may simply have switched off when brash Mr Archer offered his view on running the government and *the country. But that is certainly* not how he saw it. My guess is that she was happy to listen to a man who could truthfully claim to earn £2 million a year.

The second factor about the Parkinson-Archer syndrome is, however, rather more significant than the mere personalities involved. For the Parkinson scandal took place just after an election; the Archer scandal has burst on the Conservative Party in the run-up to one.

That would be bad enough in itself, and would certainly be sufficient to account for the speed with which Mr Archer was bundled out of Central Office. But there is a further factor which saw to it that his feet did not touch the ground on the way out.

It had already been clearly signalled that the fast approaching election was going to be fought at least in part on a defence of the simple moral values of Christian family life, allegedly under threat from such depraved enemies as Neil and Glenys Kinnock. Moreover, to complete the formula, the principal evangelist for these desirable values was going to be Norman Tebbit, Mr Archer's immediate boss.

Paying off a prostitute to keep her mouth shut, even if it is done as a result of a Murdoch agent provocateur and even if Mr Archer maintains he never had sexual congress with her, can scarcely be portrayed as in tune with those values, even if they have something in common with Victorian values. Thanks to Mr Archer, one substantial plank in Mrs Thatcher's election platform has thus got dry rot already.

As for Mr Archer himself, it is probably back to the drawing board for him, or rather, back to *the word processor for the second* time in his career. Nor can he console himself with the thought that the past few days have provided valuable material for the next smash-hit novel (no doubt to be called A Matter of Dishonour). After all, he's written most of that sort of thing already.

And thereby hangs the final puzzle about the whole sordid business. For if Mrs Thatcher had ever read Mr Archer's books it is hard to see how a woman so devoted to family values could have let him in the house. It was all there, like an open book.

**James Naughtie on the career of a larger-than-life figure**

# Novel practitioner sunk by an old-fashioned scandal

IF Jeffrey Archer's brief career as deputy chairman of the Conservative Party had ended with a whimper, it would have looked like a scriptwriter's mistake and an injustice at the same time. He has always been less interested in power than in drama.

Though his favourite after-lunch joke: "When I was three I wanted to be four; when I was four I wanted to be Prime Minister," pokes fun at his raging ambition, his public personality is that of the political and social entrepreneur and fixer — broker rather than principal.

His power with the powerful has *come in the last couple of years* because of his money and his fame, which finally gave his infectious enthusiasm and good humour its outlet in politics, and produced for Britain a sort of figure more common in the United States — the man who goes from showbusiness into politics rather than the other way round.

His earlier foray in the Commons, which ended with the threat of bankruptcy in 1974, is now the most distant of memories. The Archer style is that of the best-selling storyteller and bankrupt-turned-millionaire, not that of the diligent ex-MP come to his reward at last. Style, however, has not been enough.

Even before he had arrived at his first party conference as deputy chairman he had sent a frisson through the party hierarchy, reminding the unemployed that he had found success after having *been stuck with debts of nearly* £500,000 and that they should do the same. It was an unpleasant lesson in the ways of public life, though not as unpleasant as Sunday's.

In between the two, he rattled round the constituencies, giving the Tory ladies autographs, and demonstrated again that he is a character whose outstanding feature is his energy. In the next nine months he was due to visit 150 seats, imparting vigour.

It is true that, at Central Office, he is irreplaceable. For a start, no one else has a flat, festooned with a collection of modern masters, which looks across Westminster and the City in a way which gives the visitor the sense of being on the bridge of a great ship heading down the Thames. No one else runs a political salon in which film producers, cricketers and politicians mingle as they do in the Archer menage.

***"No one else has a flat, festooned with a collection of modern masters, which looks across Westminster and the City in a way which gives the visitor the sense of being on the bridge of a great ship heading down the Thames."***

This week he said his 14 months had been "very thrilling". It was that air of adventure in politics which took him into the trade in the first place, and which has lost him his job.

It is an air, however, which will continue to intoxicate him. Anyone who has seen the enthusiasm with which he will plunge into a political campaign (or a book-signing session) knows that the glitter of the "personal appearance" is not going to lose its lure for him. But, until the next election, he will have to find his excitement outside party politics.

It is an exile which won't affect his mania for political gossip and prediction, but what some of his friends wonder is whether it will change his innocent approach to the whole business. The Archer mystery has always been: is he really as naive as he sometimes appears?

After arranging a pay-off in used £50 notes through a PR man at Platform 3 of Victoria Station, he may not look to many people like a naive character, but he has a way of behaving like one of his fictional figures. You are left wondering how anyone so close to the heart of political life can behave like that.

One of the criticisms of his book First Among Equals, and a justified one, is that it is peopled by politicians who don't speak like politicians. It is fair to ask whether he has become like his characters or whether they are all created in his image. But either way, the result is the same. Jeffrey Archer often speaks like a one-dimensional character who has sprung into the world from an airport bookstall.

It is the Archer of Spitting Image, speaking in sentences which seem to be nothing more than adjectives propped up by the odd flashy imperative. You see before you a word-processor come to life, spraying its concoctions across the page. Sometimes, people who meet him for the first time can hardly believe it; they wonder if they have been the victims of a practical joke.

They haven't, but they also make a mistake if they don't recognise in Archer an original character. He has an eclectic taste in politicians, artists, and anyone else interesting. That taste has been made possible by his fortune, but still needs an engaging fellow to exercise it.

Such was the social whirl in his penthouse, where in one memorable week last December he entertained practically the whole Government and what seemed like half the population of the West End in three sumptuous parties, that it was inevitable that some would attach to him a Gatsby-like quality, which would dictate that the glitter would disappear with the final fall.

Gatsby managed to fix the World Series. Archer has done nothing so spectacular, but he has cut for himself an entirely original public persona. There is no one else quite like him, even in his books.

Appropriately, he is going in a traditional scandal, confessing that he has been foolish, and the old scene is played out — the dash from the front door, the car chase, the time for reflection with the family. But even among political enemies who will rub their hands, there will be a few thoughts about the events which led him to make his mistakes, and some reflection about the hypocrisies inherent in public life. Not everyone will be setting up shop as moral guardian, though the usual Tory backbenchers were jostling in the queue all day Sunday.

Archer has a style which will not allow him to disappear. He has made a career out of survival in unlikely circumstances and will be able to do so, somehow, again. It is only a matter of time before he works out the plot.

## Tory comeback in poll

BEFORE the Jeffrey Archer scandal broke, the Conservatives had drawn level with Labour at the expense of the Liberal-SDP Alliance, according to the latest monthly Gallup poll. The poll put the Tories and Labour at 37.5 per cent and the Alliance at 22 per cent. This represents a five per cent increase for the Tories over last month's figure, a drop of 0.5 per cent for Labour and a drop of 5.5 per cent for the Alliance.

The Alliance has sunk to its lowest level in popular support since the 1983 general election following its internal row over defence, says a Marplan survey. It also suggests that voters are hostile to Labour's non-nuclear strategy — including more than a third of those who describe themselves as Labour supporters. The state of the parties is Labour 41 per cent, Conservative 40 per cent, and the Alliance 17 per cent, according to Marplan.

Asked if Britain should give up its nuclear weapons whatever other countries do, 59 per cent said no, 31 per cent agreed, and the rest did not know. Among those who described themselves as Labour voters, 51 per cent said yes and 38 per cent no.



# Britain breaks with Syria over El Al bomb plot

BRITAIN broke off diplomatic relations with Syria last week after accusing the Damascus Government of complicity in the attempt by a Jordanian, Nezar Hindawi, to blow up an El Al jumbo jet by duping his pregnant Irish girlfriend into carrying a bomb on board at Heathrow Airport in London. Hindawi, aged 32, had told her he would follow on a later plane and would marry her in Jordan.

The bomb, timed to go off as the plane was at 39,000 feet over Austria, was discovered in the false bottom of a suitcase by an El Al security man. Sentencing Hindawi to 45 years in gaol, the longest sentence in British legal history, Judge Marshall-Jones said: "This was a well-planned, well-organised crime which involved many others than yourself, some of them in high places. If your attempt had succeeded and that bomb had gone off, some 380 innocent civilians, men, women and children, would have perished, including the woman you professed to love who was carrying your child. A more callous and cruel deception and a more horrendous massacre is difficult to imageine."

He said that Hindawi could expect no mercy. "We will not tolerate the activities of terrorists of other countries operating here or in other countries. They will be tracked down and brought to justice."

*Nozar Hindawi*

In the Commons, Sir Geoffrey Howe said there was clear evidence of Syrian involvement with the convicted man. Certain facts were undisputed, said the Foreign Secretary. Hindawi travelled on an official Syrian passport in a false name; his visa applications had twice been backed by official notes from the Syrian Foreign Ministry; and Hindawi had met Dr Loutaf Haydar, Syria's ambassador to London, in his embassy after the discovery of the Heathrow bomb.

"We have independent evidence that the Syrian Ambassador was personally involved several months before the commission of the offence in securing for Hindawi the sponsorship of the Syrian intelligence authorities, and equally compelling evidence that during his detention Hindawi sought to contact secretly Syrian intelligence officials in Damascus with a request for their assistance in securing his release.

"*The whole House* will be outraged by the Syrian role in this case. It is unacceptable that the ambassador, members of his staff, and the Syrian authorities in Damascus should be involved with a criminal like Hindawi."

Though the break in diplomatic relations was announced by Sir Geoffrey, the driving force behind the decision came from the Prime Minister herself. Mrs Thatcher is understood to have reacted with outrage to the El Al bomb affair, and to have been determined to ensure that Syria bore the consequences of its complicity.

The Cabinet apparently did not discuss the matter and was not invited to endorse the move. The decision appears to have been made by *a small group of senior* Cabinet ministers chaired by Mrs Thatcher. The Foreign Office is thought to have been profoundly sceptical, and to have argued against such drastic action.

None of the ministers involved in the decision is under any illusion about the consequences, which will further diminish Britain's role in the Middle East peace process. The United States and Canada backed the British move to the extent of withdrawing their ambassadors from Damascus, but France and Germany are thought to be seeking to pick up as much *business as possible,* though the French Government denied reports that it was on the brink of a £300 million arms deal with Syria.

In response to the British move Syria not only broke off relations but closed its airspace and ports to British aircraft and ships. The immediate practical consequences seem likely to entail a reorganisation of almost all airline schedules across the Middle East. A number of long-distance, non-stop scheduled services to the Far East will probably cease to be viable. Ministers appear to hope that the Egyptians will be co-operative in supplying alternative routes.

Dr Haydar said after visiting the Foreign Office that the case *was a plot against Syria and* himself by American and Israeli intelligence. Speaking on the steps of his embassy in Belgrave Square, he said: "I would say it has been well-planned and well-orchestrated but not very well staged. All Britain had to do was dance to the tune."

The Syrian government statement accused Britain of conspiring with Israel against the Arabs in general and Syria in particular. Syria was not surprised by the British move. "No Arab citizen can forget the black history of British colonialism which the present British Government is trying to revive. No Arab citizen can forget the role played by Britain in implanting the Zionist entity in Palestine.

"In coordination with Israel, Britain has accused Syria of trying to blow up the Israeli plane, although the Syrian Government has made clear that it had nothing to do with the attempt and has repeatedly rejected any accusation and has condemned similar acts."

Support for Syria was expressed at the weekend by Mr Chedli Klebi, Secretary-General of the Arab league. Libya announced it was closing its airspace to British planes and calling on all Arab states to sever relations with London. Algeria said that it was in complete solidarity with Damascus.

The British decision was welcomed by Israel. The Prime Minister, Mr Yitzhak Shamir, presiding *over his first Cabinet meeting* since he took over from Mr Shimon Peres, expressed his appreciation. Mr Shamir said that the international struggle against countries backing terror was the path of all civilised humanity.

# *US wants to extend Holy Loch base*

**By David Fairhall**

THE US Navy is believed to have approached the British Government about extending its Poseidon nuclear submarine base at Holy Loch in Scotland to the operation of hunter-killer submarines that could carry nuclear-armed cruise missiles.

This, according to Nato sources, explains the unexpected vehemence with which recent reports of an American pullout have been denied.

The basis of these reports has been the assumption that American Poseidon ballistic missiles are being replaced by longer-range Trident I missiles and the submarines themselves retired to make way for Ohio class boats designed for the still longer range Trident II missiles. As a result, it was assumed, there would be no longer be any operational convenience in operating out of Holy Loch. The bigger submarines can simply patrol from their home base on the eastern seaboard of the United States.

The logic of this, suggesting that the Scottish base will become redundant in the mid-1990s, is not denied either by the Pentagon or the Ministry of Defence in London. A ministry official said: "Poseidon submarines currently use the Holy Loch and will continue to do so until they are phased out. Anything beyond that will be a matter of agreement."

Both the Defence Secretary, Mr George Younger, and his US counterpart, Mr Caspar Weinberger, sharply denied that the Americans' departure is only a matter of time when they were questioned last week during the Nato nuclear planning meeting at Gleneagles.

Asked whether British press reports of an imminent pullout were correct, Mr Weinberger said: "Absolutely not, there's no truth in that — assuming we're still wanted, of course."

His last remark was presumably a diplomatic reference to the fact that the American submarines are only here by courtesy of a specific governmental agreement which extends, according to the US Navy, "into the 1990s." Any adjustment to that agreement, a spokesman said, would require close consultation between the two governments.

That consultation seems to have been initiated from the American side, through naval contacts, only to be rebuffed by an embarrassed British Government which does not want the prospect of an additional US nuclear-capable weapons *system being* based in this country in the run-up to an election.

Mrs Thatcher and Mr Younger would far rather concentrate voters' minds on the possibility of an East-West arms control agreement that could remove one of the present systems — the ground launched Tomahawk nuclear cruise missiles at Greenham Common.

The Tomahawk cruise missile was designed from the first to be launched also by submarines, either through standard 21-inch torpedo tubes or from purpose-built launchers. And in its long-range land-attack, as opposed to anti-ship, form, the missile has been provided with an optional nuclear warhead like that carried by the *ground-launched variant* at Greenham.

The US Navy's Los Angeles class hunter-killer boats are progressively being adapted to carry the weapons, first as part of their torpedo loads and later in vertical packs installed in the bow between the inner and outer hulls.

Assuming this is what the US Navy wants to operate from Holy Loch, rather than a uniquely nuclear system like Trident — that does not need to be on this side of the Atlantic anyway — the British Government faces a peculiar embarrassment.

It stems from the American policy, also adopted by our own Defence Ministry, never to admit that a particular submarine will be carrying the nuclear-tipped version of Tomahawk.

In the famous phrase that upset the New Zealand Government and eventually led to its being ostracised by the Western nuclear club, the US Navy will simply refuse "either to confirm or deny" the presence of nuclear weapons.

# Fears on European birth rate

**By Derek Brown in Strasbourg**

A 30 per cent plunge in the birth rate since 1960 is about to result in absolute population decline in the EEC, the European Parliament heard last week.

A report on family policy predicted that the decline will be in serious evidence by 1995, and that the total community population — currently some 320 million, will fall by 25 million by the year 2050.

The Parliamentary report underlines recent warnings from demographic experts in the 21-nation Council of Europe that welfare benefits, pensions and other public expenditure cannot be sustained if the working population shrinks still further.

Of the 12 Community countries, only Ireland has a fertility rate high enough to keep the population growing — and even there the average number of children per woman has fallen steeply.

The level for sustaining a population is 2.1 children per woman. In West Germany the figure is down to 1.33, in Denmark it is 1.4, and in Italy it is 1.51. Britain's fertility rate has drifted steadily form 2.44 in 1970 to 1.77 last year.

The report, by French Gaullist member Mrs Nicole Chournqui, says that the decline of the working population will place a heavy burden on the Community economies. "On the basis of the least optimistic forecast of fertility, retirement age would have to be raised from 60 to 65, or even 68.5, in most European countries," it says.

"Another undeniable consequence, the increase in the proportion of elderly people, gives rise to a series of new needs in the areas of health, housing, and training . . . furthermore, again in the long term, there will start to be a shortage of young workers, who constitute the section of the labour market most able to move around, adapt and be trained in the new technologies."

# Determined Thatcher calls Assad to account

By Hella Pick

THE British Government's decision to break off diplomatic relations with Syria has not been taken lightly and there is deep foreboding about the political repercussions and terrorist revenge that it may provoke.

Mrs Thatcher and the Cabinet had been agonising over the question of what to do with Syria from the moment the investigations into the attempt to blow up the El Al jumbo jet at Heathrow began. But the Syrian connection was so patent that the Government knew it had no alternative but to act against President Assad.

The Hindawi trial reinforced earlier suspicion of Syrian involvement in a series of recent terrorist outrages, including the Berlin bombings that triggered off US raids against Libya, and the fatal explosions at Vienna and Rome airports.

Britain is asking all its allies to support its moves against Syria. The decision poses a serious dilemma for Israel, West Germany, and the United States, and possibly also Italy and Austria.

In the past, the evidence against Syria has always been sufficiently circumstantial to avoid a direct clash with President Assad. Assad has always been regarded as one of the essential figures in the Arab world if a peace settlement is forged in the Middle East.

The trial pointed to direct links with Syrian intelligence officers before the attempt to blow up the El Al jet, as well as the help of the Syrian Ambassador in London in finding Hindawi a safe house afterwards.

Almost immediately after the attempted bombing, Britain expelled three Syrian diplomats in London after Damascus refused to waive diplomatic immunity and allow them to "help Scotland Yard with their enquiries" about the outrage. In return, three British diplomats were told to leave Syria, leaving the British Embassy there with only 20 UK-based staff.

As the trial developed, the Government had to set out its options. It could have limited itself to expelling the Syrian Ambassador; and it certainly looked at the possibility of banning Syrian Arab Airlines from Britain, without actually breaking diplomatic relations.

But Mrs Thatcher's commitment to fighting terrorism is so deep that she was bound to settle for the most drastic action, short of a declaration of war. She believes that this is a clear case of state-directed terrorism, and in spite of all the risks to British interests, she felt that Britain was bound to make a decisive break with Syria.

Presumably security precautions will also be reinforced, not only in London but in the Middle East, where British subjects are considered vulnerable to terrorist reprisals. Britain undoubtedly fears Syrian reactions to the Hindawi trial verdict. Throughout the trial, the defence warned against the wider risks of finding the Jordanian guilty, and claimed that the whole affair was an Israeli plot to discredit Syria.

This argument has failed to gain the slightest credibility. But President Assad's personal intervention has been taken as a further warning, not only to London but to Israel and Washington, that very high stakes are involved.

Israel has recognised the dilemma from the moment it became apparent that there had been high-level Syrian involvement. Used to swift retaliation against its enemies, Israel has held off so far in this case.

Israel had been quick to support the American bombing raids on Libya earlier this year on the basis of much flimsier evidence linking the Gadafy regime to international terrorism. But Damascus is not Tripoli, and the price of similar retaliation against Syria could be exorbitant.

The most common scenario sketched out by the Israelis for the next round of the Middle East conflict involves a Syrian thrust against the Golan, and perhaps southwards through Lebanon's Beka'a valley.

Their analysts predict a war that includes rocket attacks on civilian targets, chemical weapons, and heavy casualties. Apart from the military risks, even Israel accepts that there are powerful political arguments against antagonising President Assad. The idea of a workable Middle East peace process that shuts out Damascus is absurd.

Israel's broadest and safest option is to join in concerted international responses to the Hindawi case, rather than undertake its own punitive operation.

That is certainly the advice that has been conveyed to Israel by the US Administration. President Reagan's gingerly handling of Syria has been in stark contrast to his actions against Libya. He has virtually ignored evidence pointing to Syrian as well as Libyan involvement in the Berlin discotheque bombing which he used to justify the bombing raids against Libya.

Militarily, the US recognises that Syria would not be a pushover: the last time the US tangled with Syrian anti-aircraft missile batteries, it lost two aircraft, and the Rev Jesse Jackson had to go to Damascus to retrieve a captured American pilot.

The Administration also believes that President Assad could be helpful in gaining the release of American hostages in Lebanon. President Reagan, under much greater pressure since the Daniloff affair to do more to secure the freedom of other American "hostages", cannot afford, for domestic political reasons, to antagonise the Syrian leader at present.

If Hindawi's bomb had gone off none of these cautionary arguments could have stopped Israeli and perhaps even American retaliation. But with the worst averted, they are likely to fall in line with British preference for "necessary security precautions," in place of punitive action. Kid gloves are likely to remain in order in the West's handling of President Assad and the forces he controls.

# The Middle East's state of terror

David Hirst on the Syrian involvement

THE case against President Assad's Syria is, on the face of it, damning and overwhelming. "If it really was Syria," said a former Ba'athist, "then it must have been Assad himself. In crucial security matters he looks into every detail. That is his method. Vengeance would be his motive. He never forgets an insult. It could be as simple as that."

Others, with insights into this murky underworld, still cannot believe it. Some of the props of the Syrian "connection," such as Hindawi's special passport, seem crass almost beyond belief. The "frame-up," they believe, is not, in the ritual Syrian formula, the work of "the CIA and Mossad": rather of an Arab enemy, such as PLO Chairman Yasser Arafat, or even his current Arab "friend," Colonel Gadafy, who is anxious to perpetuate "revolutionary violence".

Till now, no Syrian national, born and bred, has been caught in the act of international terrorism bearing a possible Damascus signature. Why use Syrians if Shi'ite fundamentalists from Lebanon are ready to martyr themselves against American embassies and marines, and there are Christian extremists to plant bombs in Paris cafes, and, above all, Palestinians to submit their fanaticism to others' altogether more pragmatic purposes? It is elementary caution. The diplomacy of terror requires the recipients of these deadly messages to suspect who sent them — but never to be able to prove it.

There is, however, one member of the terrorist international who does have a public face, and that is Abu Nidal. Not, of course, his own which very rarely appears, but that of his organisation, the Fatah Revolutionary Council, which has offices, a spokesman, and an administrative set-up in Damascus. One thing that is now causing this organisation to grow is the Palestinian despair, deeper than ever, on which fanaticism is nurtured. The other is Syrian encouragement. It is in Abu Nidal that outward objectives of Syrian diplomacy, and the clandestine methods that reinforce it, merge, most clearly, in something approaching an abiding, strategic relationship.

Assad has always regarded his championship of the Palestinian cause, and his influence over the Palestinian resistance movement, as a key weapon in his diplomatic armoury. Having completely lost his grip on Yasser Arafat's mainstream PLO, he has patronised dissident, Damascus-based rivals who lend legitimacy to his anti-Arafat policies. Into their coalition known as the National Salvation Front he has been anxious to insert Abu Nidal, but has failed because leaders such as Habash and Abu Musa won't have him for personal, ideological or practical reasons.

The fiction is that Abu Nidal's Fatah Revolutionary Council is just another guerrilla organisation to which, as a patriot, Assad is bound to accord the same kind of freedom of political and propaganda activities as he once did to Arafat himself. Yet it is actually better off in some ways than other Damascus-based dissidents. It is the only one entitled to publish and print its magazine in Syria: the others have to print in Nicosia.

Abu Nidal believes in the liberation of all Palestine, and that Arafat, by deviating from this original Fatah doctrine, "has condemned himself to death". While Syria has recognised Security Council Resolution 242, and always closed the Golan Heights to guerrilla operations as hermetically as King Hussein the Jordan



*President Assad — drawing by Szlakmann*

Valley, Assad clearly has no quarrel with what has always been Abu Nidal's first objective: the "execution" of Arafatist "traitors" pioneering a peace-seeking diplomacy liable to leave Syria out in the cold.

If Syria really was behind the Hindawi affair, this can only mean that Assad has crossed a new threshold, in the use of terror, whose ominous significance can hardly be exaggerated. Hindawi's crime was to be caught. Small wonder that Assad, far from hospitable to western journalists these days, has furnished Time Magazine with one of his rare interviews and devoted much of it to a rebuttal of the devastating charges levelled against his regime. Blowing up an Israeli jumbo jet, he knows, is a threat to Israel's very survival, an act of war, that reduces Colonel Gadafy to a mere timid dabbler.

Revenge aside, Assad's motives could only be assumed to be the same, albeit on the grand scale, as they always were. "He is preparing for war with Israel," said the former Ba'athist, "I am sure of that. Recovering the Golan is an obsession. But he is not yet ready and may never be."

But the Assad that would do such a thing is not the Assad the world has known so far, ruthless and sometimes bold but always judiciously so: it would be a new, reckless and dangerously unpredictable one. Perhaps, the Syrian president, behind that always mild and amiable exterior, is more desperate than anyone realised.

## THE WEEK

THE exodus of giant US corporations from beleaguered South Africa has gathered pace with decisions by IBM and General Motors to sell out their respective operations.

The Honeywell computer group, Coca Cola, and industrial heavyweights Kodak and Xerox are also considering ending their South African connections.

IBM chairman Mr John Akers said that the decision to sell the 34-year-old subsidiary — possibly by March 1, 1987 — was caused by the deteriorating political and economic situation in South Africa, and between the country and its trading partners.

IBM plans to sell to a consortium of staff and private investors — with current general manager Mr Jack Clarke heading the new concern.

SOUTH AFRICA has reacted angrily to an internal report by a branch of the US Commerce Department which described the country as import-starved, a chrome debtor, and as "a repressive regime".

The US chargé d'affaires was summoned to the Foreign Ministry to receive an official protest about the report, and the Foreign Minister, Mr R. F. Botha, said that his Government took "the strongest exception" to its "insulting and hostile language".

The report revealed that US exports to South Africa totalled $1.25 billion last year, compared with about $2.25 billion in 1983. Exports were likely to fall below $1 billion this year, it said.

TWO black prisoners, one awaiting execution on "death row", and the other an emergency regulation detainee, have hanged themselves in their cells, said South Africa's Department of Prisons — making a total of 80 deaths in police custody since 1963, the year in which detention without trial was introduced.

Yoluso Jacobs, 20, was found hanging from the prison bars by his shirt. He was one of 12,000 people who have been detained under the state of emergency.

Meanwhile, a white man, Anton Stoop, was sentenced to death in Johannesburg's Supreme Court for murdering a black man by setting fire to him in April. He is the second white man to be sentenced to death in the past month for killing a black.

Three more white men found guilty of raping and murdering a black nurse are on death row awaiting results of their appeals against sentence. Only six white people have been executed for murdering black people since 1910.

NICARAGUA'S Justice Minister has demanded the maximum penalty — 30 years' imprisonment — for Mr Eugene Hasenfus, the American captured when he was shot down by a Sandinista missile while on a supply run for CIA-backed contra guerrillas.

CHILEAN security forces have arrested five alleged left-wing guerrillas in connection with the failed assassination attempt on President Pinochet last month.

The five men, members of the Manuel Rodriguez Patriotic Front (FPMR) guerrilla group, had admitted taking part in the attack on September 7, a Government spokesman said.

THE Marshall Islands, a UN Trust Territory for 40 years, have been granted semi-independence after 39 years of American rule.

A "compact of free association" will allow the United States to keep its missile range at Kwajalein for at least 30 years, with an option for a further extension, the Minister without Portfolio, Mr Henchi Balos, said. Washington would give the islands $30 million a year in aid for the next 15 years and keep control over defence.

THE Basque terrorist organisation ETA has vowed to continue its murder campaign against the Spanish military — despite apologising for the killing of the wife and son of the provincial military governor of San Sebastian.

The two, together with General Rafael Garrido Gil, died when a bomb was placed on their car roof by three young men on a motorcycle who made their getaway in heavy traffic.

MR RAJIV GANDHI has appointed the fourth Foreign Minister of his two-year-old administration.

In the third reshuffle, Gandhi dropped five of his colleagues — including his ambitious cousin, Mr Arun Nehru — and appointed three new Cabinet ministers and four ministers of state.

The new Foreign Minister is Mr N. D. Tiwari, aged 61, who has served as industry minister and as Chief Minister of India's largest state, Uttar Pradesh.

MARSHAL YE JIANYING, a veteran of the Long March and a key powerbroker during Deng Xiaoping's rise to power after the death of Chairman Mao, has died aged 90.

He became defence minister after the death and disgrace of Lin Biao and was later de facto head of state, as chairman of the National People's Congress during the 1970s. He was seen as a symbol of military conservatism who had reservations about Deng Xiaoping's reforms since 1980.

THE Pope, in a unique ceremony at Assisi, burial place of St. Francis, addressed a world-wide gathering dedicated to peace, which included Muslims, Hindus, Jews and Buddhists as well as representatives of many branches of the Christian faith. In response to the Pope's plea guerrilla movements and governments in a dozen war zones observed a ceasefire during the day.

ETHIOPIA'S Marxist government sustained a fresh international embarrassment when its Foreign Minister, Colonel Goshu Walde, defected at the United Nations in New York, protesting against the regime's record of "misery and destruction". The Minister is the third Ethiopian Government member to defect this year.

SHERMAN ADAMS, 87, who was President Eisenhower's right-hand man in the 1950s and was known as the "Assistant President", died in the New Hampshire village where he was once a lumberjack. Adams's political downfall came when he admitted to a congressional committee that he had accepted hotel accommodation and gifts from a Boston businessman.



# Truce called in diplomatic tit-for-tat

By Michael White in Washington

AFTER the United States expelled a further 55 Soviet diplomats last week and the Soviet Union retaliated by expelling five American diplomats, the two sides now seem to have decided to put the issue behind them and get on with the serious business of talking about arms control.

There was speculation that the administration was watering down its provisional agreements in Iceland to abolish medium-range Euro-missiles and, if possible, strategic ballistic missiles. This was apparently in response to fears expressed by its Nato allies and its own generals.

It was confirmed that no revised instructions had yet been sent to negotiators in Geneva. But officials and the Defence Secretary, Mr Caspar Weinberger, insist that "the President has not backed off his proposals" — whatever they actually were.

Unlike Mr Gorbachev, who regards the expulsions as "wild to normal people," Washington has insisted all along that spies and missiles are unconnected issues.



*"You are forgetting, Nikolai, that my husband is a diplomat in America — he could be home any minute."*

# Moscow sets out Star Wars limits

By Martin Walker in Moscow

SOVIET diplomats have now clearly defined exactly what they mean by "permissible testing" of Star Wars technology, and appear to have settled on a definition rather wider than the one President Reagan rejected at the Reykjavik summit.

The new Soviet definition, according to sources within the Foreign Ministry, speaking on condition of anonymity, contains three key components.

1 The Americans must not physically test weapons in outer space. This would rule out testing in space of the X-ray laser, which is fuelled by a nuclear explosion. It need not, however, exclude some testing of this weapon on earth. It also rules out the other Star Wars scheme of installing mirrors in space which would be used to reflect laser beams on to incoming rockets.

2 The Americans must not actually deploy any new weapon, except under the terms of the existing ABM treaty of 1972. This would permit the US to build a single site, possibly around the missile bases in North Dakota, and deploy anti-missile systems there.

3 The Americans must not go into industrial production of Star Wars technology. Prototypes may be built and tested and modified, but full-scale production runs would be forbidden.

Although this would keep Star Wars under firm restraint, it would neither throttle the technology at birth nor prevent it from development up to the very threshold of a deployable weapons system.

At Reykjavik negotiations broke down on the single word "laboratory," Soviet sources claim. Mr Gorbachev's insistence that Star Wars research be kept "within the laboratory" was interpreted narrowly by the Americans. This new, and far broader definition, of what Moscow understands by a laboratory gives the negotiations a very much greater latitude.

Ever since the Reykjavik meeting, it has been plain that an intense discussion has been under way in Moscow on how to pin down a definition of permissible testing. Mr Gennady Gerasimov, the official spokesman of the Foreign Ministry, told a press conference earlier: "Our experts have not yet agreed on the precise definition of laboratory research."

The Deputy Foreign Minister, Mr Viktor Karpov, also said that the ban on developing Star Wars technology did not foreclose America's right under the ABM treaty to test, develop, and deploy a ground-based anti-missile system.

# Gorbachev goes on the box

By Martin Walker

THREE times in the last fortnight Mikhail Gorbachev has pre-empted an hour of prime-time television to talk about the Reykjavik summit. There was his press conference from Iceland, his subsequent report to the Soviet people, and then, last week, his return to the cameras for reasons which remain unclear.

He was angered by the American decision to expel another 55 of his diplomats and by what he saw as Washington's deliberate misinterpretation of the discussions at Reykjavik. He was also frustrated in trying to understand just what was American policy, who took the decisions and who had the power to make them stick.

His agitation made it by far the least convincing of his TV appearances. He kept glancing nervously off-screen. There were pauses, some misreadings of his text and overall a less than competent performance. Soviet and Western viewers alike are now accustomed to a Soviet leader who explains at length and in detail what the superpowers have discussed. We are no longer surprised by a Kremlin chieftain who can use the media with the ease of a Western politician.

And now that Mr Gorbachev is being judged by stricter standards, it is plain that he has a lot to learn. American and European figures have learned the advantage of the quick one-liners at which Reagan is so skilled, and which slot neatly into the TV news shows.

Given that Mr Gorbachev is now speaking to a world audience and not just to his own people, his performances appear leaden and didactic. He is in danger of losing that priceless asset, the image of a Soviet leader who understands the West and its ways, and who can come across to Western public opinion as a reasonable and recognisable fellow human being.

Gorbachev is a words man. He believes that if the world listens to his speeches, reads and considers what he says, it will be as convinced of his good sense and good will as are his own people.

This explains his own personal fury at the way US customs have apparently held up container loads of his own post-Reykjavik speeches, translated into English, that were to be distributed in the US.

It was this which led him to attack America as "an increasingly closed society, barring its people from objective information." He said that in Reykjavik, he had complained to Reagan that for every 20 American books translated and published in Russia, only one Russian book got published in the West. On films too, he claimed, the traffic was always one way. He even offered to stop jamming the Voice of America if President Reagan would give Radio Moscow equal access to American airwaves through a transmitter on American soil.

Mr Gorbachev's understanding of the media is far in advance of anything the Kremlin has experienced before, but it remains naive by Western standards, where his long addresses to the nation are becoming something of a bore. More ominously, young Russians of my acquaintance are starting to react in the same way.

It is ironic that the first Kremlin leader to tell his people quite so much about his economic plans, about the problems they face, and about his own talks with President Reagan, should now confront the boredom threshold.

But there is one message that has come through clearly. On his return from Reykjavik, he gave an hour-long briefing to the Soviet people on TV. He began by saying that he had just come from a Politburo meeting, and he spoke with the Politburo's unanimous authority. He also said that long before Reykjavik was agreed for a summit, he had begun an unprecedented process of consultations with the Soviet military, its academics and scientists and officials. He was saying that the proposals put on the table at Reykjavik were not simply the Gorbachev plan. They were the considered and agreed policy of the entire Soviet leadership.

Cynics are interpreting this as a sign that Mr Gorbachev is starting to have trouble holding the line against the Kremlin hawks. I disagree. One of the most remarkable discoveries of Reykjavik was the evident closeness of Mr Gorbachev and his chief of staff, Marshal Akhromeyev. And perhaps the real message of his most recent TV address was when he stared straight at the camera and said grimly: "They don't know how to tame their hawks in the White House."

# South Africans expel Red Cross

By Patrick Laurence in Johannesburg

THE South African Government has ordered the International Red Cross to leave "as soon as possible."

The move was in response to a decision by delegates at a Red Cross conference in Geneva to exclude South African government representatives. Representatives of the South African Red Cross Society were not barred, however.

The Foreign Minister, Mr Pik Botha, called the Geneva vote illegal. South Africa, as a signatory to the 1949 Geneva Convention, had a right to participate in International Red Cross conferences, Mr Botha said. Pretoria's decision to order the 15 International Red Cross Committee representatives to leave would stand until South African government representatives were again able to participate in Red Cross conferences.

Without approving the Geneva decision — which was carried with Third World and Soviet support, in the face of strong criticism from Western delegates — Professor John Dugard, a South African expert on international law, criticised Mr Botha's move as "bloodyminded".

Noting that the president of the International Red Cross Committee, Mr Alexandra Hay, had described the suspension of South Africa as contrary to the Geneva statutes, Professor Dugard, the director of the Centre for Applied Legal Studios, said: "Mr Botha is cutting his nose off to spite his face."

South Africa benefitted in two ways from its association with the International Red Cross Committee, Professor Dugard said. Committee members visited political prisoners, as distinct from detainees, and their reports enabled South Africa to justifiably claim that its convicted prisoners were treated in accordance with international standards.

Further, International Red Cross representatives acted as intermediaries between South Africa and its adversaries in delicate situations. Professor Dugard mentioned negotiations over Captain Wynand du Toit, the South African commando captured in Angola in May last year.

Professor John Barratt, the director-general of the South African Institute of International Affairs, said: "It was over-hasty of Pik Botha. It was not the International Red Cross Committee which kicked South Africa out."

# The Russians have got their Star Wars programme too

IN Reykjavik it was the Star Wars project that prevented the US and the USSR producing an historic arms agreement. But the Soviet Union cannot claim that the US is militarising outer space and that they tried in vain to stop them. The truth is that they too have been doing it almost since the birth of the space age.

In his book, Military Strategy, published in 1962, Marshal V. D. Sokolovksy defined the aim of Soviet strategic forces, "They have the task of creating an invincible system of the defence of the entire country. While in the last war it was sufficient to destroy 15-20 per cent of the attacking air operation, now it is necessary to assure, essentially, 100 per cent destruction." It is a statement uncannily like those made by proponents of Star Wars.

Star Wars is about shooting down ballistic missiles and around Moscow there is the only operational Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) system in the world.

Built in 1968 it consists of a two-layered defence of Galosh and Gazelle missiles each with a nuclear warhead and controlled by a battle management system and a new large radar station at Pushkino. It will soon have the 100 AMB launchers permitted by the 1972 ABM treaty and could be fully operational next year. Western scientists are rather doubtful about its effectiveness: exploding nuclear warheads in the path of incoming ballistic missiles would have dire consequences for the population of Moscow. The US had a similar system to protect Minuteman missiles near Grand Forks Air Force Base in North Dakota, but abandoned it in 1975.

To detect incoming ballistic missiles the USSR employs 11 so-called Hen House radars at six locations on the borders of USSR. These are currently being upgraded with the addition of another radar to improve tracking. The 1972 ABM treaty was designed to prevent a buildup of a national ABM system. Under the ABM treaty, radars are to be used for early warning and not as part of an ABM defence. The US believes that the new radar system at Krasnoyarsk has substantial AMB capability and violates the treaty. It is not situated on the border or within 150 kilometres of Moscow nor is it oriented outwards. The Soviets claim it is for tracking objects in space, while the Americans state it is not suitable for that task and is part of the USSR's own Star Wars defence.

For more than a quarter of a century, the Soviet Union has been increasing defences to blunt the effectiveness of any ballistic missile attack and going about it in a way similar to that envisaged by the US Star Wars programme.

As part of a Soviet Strategic Defence programme, scientists have been improving the operational ABM system around Moscow. They have developed an operational anti-satellite (ASAT) system, and are undertaking extensive research in the same areas as the US Strategic Defence Initiative.

In 1972, Grechko, then Minister of Defence, speaking to the Soviet Presidium said that the treaty "places no limitations whatsoever on the conducting of research and experimental work directed towards solving the problem of defending this country from nuclear missile strikes."

The USSR's own laser programme is much larger than the US effort, employing 10,000 scientists in half a dozen facilities across the Soviet Union. Much of the work is being carried out at the Sary Shagan Missile Test Centre near Lake Balkhash in central Siberia in a $1 billion project. The Soviets claim the lasers are for tracking objects in space but they are far too powerful. To provide power for the laser project and other energy hungry programmes, they have built a device that has no equivalent in the West, a rocket driven generator that can produce 15 megawatts.

Another vital aspect of a laser battle system would be the use of mirrors in space to deflect the laser light towards targets. In 1978, a 1.2 metre segmented mirror was tested as a prototype for a 25 metre mirror for an orbiting astronomical telescope. Sceptical Western experts have wondered if the test was purely scientific in motivation.

In 1983 two cosmonauts on board the Salyut 7 space station were told to put on goggles at certain parts of their orbit. This was while overflying Soviet laser test facilities and after they had reconfigured Salyut 7 to act as a laser target for space tracking tests. Two years later a similar test was carried out by the space shuttle Discovery. It reflected back to earth a laser aimed at it from Hawaii.

The US Star Wars system also envisages using particle beam weapons, again a topic under intensive study in the USSR. One US Department of Defence report claimed that a Soviet particle beam able to disrupt satellites could be in use in the 1990s. It is also known that the USSR has undertaken research into radio frequency weapons for disabling satellites for some time. In the 1960s they developed a gun able to fire tungsten bullets at 25 kilometres a second in air and 60 kilometres a second in a vacuum, again similar to US Star Wars projects.

But it is the USSR's Anti-Satellite (ASAT) capability that is the most advanced. Modified ICBM's blast off minutes after a target satellite passes overhead. The "killer" satellite goes into lower and faster orbit than its target and closes in rapidly over two orbits lasting 90 minutes. When the killer satellite's radar tracking system brings it to within a few kilometres of the target, it explodes, showering it with shrapnel, shredding its antenna and splintering its solar panels. It is a fairly crude system that only threatens a small number of low-orbit satellites.

However, some of the other research into lasers and particle beams may provide the USSR with an effective ASAT capability directed at the vital monitoring and communication satellites the US has in geostationary orbit 32,000 kilometres above the Earth.

The Soviet ASAT system was developed between 1968 and 1982. At one time, the Russians experimented with infra-red homing devices on killer satellites. These are similar to the devices used by the USAF in its homing overlay experiments and are less easily jammed. Indications are however that the Soviets couldn't make them work. The Soviet ASAT system has been tried about 20 times with good results.

A remarkable test was carried out in June 1982 when the USSR launched two ICBMs, two anti-missile missiles, one submarine launched missile, one SS-20 intermediate range missile and a killer satellite. Despite failure on the killer satellite, most of the mission's objectives were fulfilled.

The last test we know of was in 1982 but there have been some puzzling and perhaps significant events since. In October 1983, Cosmos 1502 was launched into an orbit similar to that used by the ASAT killer satellites. The USSR filed incorrect orbital parameters with the United Nations to make the mission look more innocuous.

In September 1984, they launched the single biggest military satellite in the history of their space programme. It was the first time their largest operational booster had been used to launch a single spacecraft.

Cosmos 1603 initially entered an 118 x 112 miles orbit inclined at 51.6 degrees to the Earth's equator. In this orbit it would repeat its ground tracks every 24 hours and so it was believed to be an electronic spy satellite or Elint. However, the Space Defence Operations Centre at Colorado Springs lost track of it.

When it turned up again, it was in a 528 miles circular orbit inclined at 66.6 degress, a manoeuvre that must have required extensive use of fuel. When it had settled down into this orbit they lost it again. It was lost three times and the Space Defence Operations Centre had to bring in extra staff to find it.

When it was discovered, it was in the same altitude orbit but this time inclined at 71 degrees. The exact purpose of such remarkable manoeuvres is unknown outside the USSR but it does seem like the test of a new booster with substantial anti-satellite weapon avoidance capability.

And on June 21 last year, there was an unprecedented and unannounced Soviet mission. Three enigmatics were placed in orbit for a week. The USSR denied all responsibility for it and violated the 1975 United Nations agreement by not filing any data on it. Its last previous unannounced launch was in 1966 with a rocket that carried a nuclear warhead into space.

Many scientists believe that no conceivable Star Wars system could protect any nation from nuclear attack. After all, half of all nuclear weapons are on missiles that never enter space and are therefore immune.

It may seem tragic and rather comic to future generations that what many regard as a technological fantasy should have prevented a major agreement on the very weapons it is designed to destroy. But whatever the eventual outcome, both superpowers have Star Wars programmes and we shouldn't forget it.

**By David Whitehouse**

*Dr David Whitehouse is a space consultant.*









*AS the rain dribbled over Budapest on Thursday last week, people's thoughts seemed to be far from the same date 30 years ago, when the Stalin statue was pulled down by angry citizens and the first shots were fired to announce the beginning of the Hungarian revolution.*

*The plethora of articles and radio and television programmes explaining the Government's interpretation of the events in 1956 culminated in a double-paged spread in the party newspaper, Nepszabadsag. Quoting liberally from Western sources the article was intended to demonstrate that after 30 years Janos Kadar's regime enjoys widespread legitimation.*

*In a break from the past, the author referred to the existence of an opposition and its participation in last year's parliamentary elections as proof of the democratisation which Hungary is alleged to have experienced since the mid-seventies.*

*Although there can be no doubt that Mr Kadar has achieved a popular support which most other East European leaders can only dream of, the Government does seem to have been quite worried as to how the revolution would be commemorated. Since May this year, some of the more critical political journals, which are published perfectly legally, have been prevented from appearing.*

*Much of the Government's campaign has been orchestrated by the historian and Politburo member, Mr Janos Berecz. In recent months speculation has increased in Budapest that Mr Kadar may soon resign. The two favourites to succeed him are now Mr Berecz and another Politburo member, Mr Karoly Grosz.*

# Kadar, the great survivor

**Michael Simmons on the Hungarian revolution of 1956**

*Stalin's statue lies broken in the street, Budapest, October 1956.*

TO THIS DAY, nobody knows how many Hungarians died in the uprising of 1956, but all around Budapest there are hundreds, if not thousands, of unmarked graves. Many are now almost invisible, covered in weeds or long grass: those who in the next week or two want to lay wreaths or pay respects could have a hard job finding the precise spot.

As for Imre Nagy, the avuncular reformist who effectively led the uprising and for a moment withdrew Hungary from the Warsaw Pact, he is thought to have been buried — after his execution in 1958 — in the Losinc Cemetery in the Pest area of Budapest. Some of the workers and students who died in his support are in the same vicinity.

Less certain are the whereabouts of the remains of the scores, possibly hundreds, of Stalinist secret policemen, members of the AVH, who were the main adversaries of the insurgents. And what of the 5,000 Soviet soldiers who — according to some Hungarian estimates — were killed as they sought to crush the uprising with tanks?

Today, many buildings in the centre of Budapest, and in towns and villages up and down the country, tell their own story. The grime of decades cannot hide the pock marks left by bullets and deeper gashes left by shells which are clearly visible on many walls.



*Janos Kadar*

The coffee bars and cafes of Budapest are busy as ever. They are favoured meeting places, frequented, depending on the district, by a regular clientele of writers perhaps, or students, or blue collar workers. Thirty years ago, over endless small cups of strong coffee, the "events" of 1956 were given shape; and have ever since been dissected in endless argument.

Today there is still lots to argue over. Newspapers and magazines have been running reminiscences and articles on 1956, and television has been interviewing "survivors." Even the country's less than scrutable leader, Janos Kadar, has been discussing the events in public speeches.

These events convulsed the Soviet leadership and split the world Communist movement — a source of quiet pride to many Hungarians — but until five years or so ago, the official silence about them was total. They would be dismissed as counter-revolution — whipped up by anti-Communist elements in the West.

Young people who were not even born in 1956 want to know more. Pale imitations of punk they may be, or somewhat dishevelled and anonymously be-jeaned, or even notionally middle-class bureaucrats, but they are still tending to pack the meetings, not all unofficial, which are now being held in Budapest.

The unveiling process, for many in the know, is without doubt a complicated and sometimes painful business. It is not just a case of re-writing history — though school history books have in fact just been revised — but also of re-assessing the posture of people now in power. Some, after all, can only have got where they are today by backing the counter-revolution conspiracy theory, others by thanking the Russians for crushing the whole thing before it got out of hand.

It also means, as it has meant for 30 years, looking yet again at the wrinkled face of Mr Kadar, the one-time supporter of the luckless Imre Nagy, and asking him a host of still unanswered questions about his precise role before, during and in the immediate aftermath of the events.

Some have until now been too fraught to be asked publicly in Hungary today. Others are relatively innocuous, touching for instance on what went on when he was apparently "lost" for some days at the height of the uprising, what agruments he advanced for his own survival, and exactly how he has managed to push through so many of the measures that Nagy himself had died for.

Some people who played prominent roles in 1956 have already come forward with explanations and rationalisations of often controversial actions. Thus Antal Apro, now 73, was trade union leader and a Minister under the hated Matyas Rakosi. Then he became deputy Prime Minister under Nagy, and same again under Janos Kadar.

In a television interview the other day, Mr Apro said he had supported Nagy during his first spell as Prime Minister but that, during the uprising he had disagreements with him "almost from the very beginning." Janos Kadar had emerged, he suggested, because he had "personal courage and the ability to initiate things."

Bela Biszku was a party man whose career prospered once Kadar took over from Nagy. He has now told how he disagreed with the show trial of Laszlo Rajk from whom Kadar, as a friend, had elicited the "confession" which led to his execution. But Biszku had gone so far as to emphasise that there were people who disagreed with Nagy being condemned.

Tamas Nagy, one of Hungary's leading post-war economists, told how Rakosi forced him to divorce his wife (because of her alleged associations with Rajk) and how he, Nagy, had supported emergence of Imre Nagy (no relation) because he believed in the multi-party system. Tamas Nagy told viewers he had not expected the Russians to return and crush the uprising and he was surprised when the tanks came in.

In other words, enough questions have been asked and obliquely answered to provide raw material for a cross-examination of Mr Kadar himself. Early in his career, he suffered a prison sentence and torture under the Rakosi regime, which in their way qualified for public office. Today, he has reached a point where he is without doubt one of the more palpably popular national leaders to have been thrown up by the Communist movement. Certainly, he is not cossetted and kept beyond public reach the way some other Warsaw Pact leaders are, and despite present uncertainties he has presided over a system of economic and political management which is not manifestly disliked.

Kadar was close to Imre Nagy's side in 1956, speaking up for "the glorious uprising" which had won freedom and independence for Hungary — "without which there is no socialism and can be no socialism." The Hungarian people, Mr Kadar said then, had proved with their own blood that they support unshakeably the Government's demand "for the complete withdrawal of Soviet forces."

"We don't want any more dependence," said his party programme. "Let us join hands for the triumph of Hungarian independence and of Hungarian liberty."

He did not go as far as Imre Nagy in endorsing withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact, but in the first edition of Napszabadsag, now the respected party newspaper, he did reject adherence to Leninism.

In other words, the wrinkles on the face of Janos Kadar are justified by the ravages of experience and time. But they also hide an enigmatic personality and answers which only he can give to a number of suddenly topical riddles. A Budapest engineer, after watching the latest of the televised "revelations," had a point when he asked: "How has Janos Kadar survived when Imre Nagy had to die?" What, apart from the notorious faux pas over the Warsaw Pact, was wrong with the Nagy approach? These are the questions now being regularly asked in the city's coffee bars.

# Oil stocks the joker in the pack

**By John Hooper**

AS OIL prices nudged past the $15 barrel mark last week an Opec spokesman cautiously ventured that they could reach $17 a barrel by the end of this year when the cartel's latest agreement expires. There are several reasons for thinking that he may have underestimated its impact.

While the 12 members of the organisation who are bound by the agreement are increasing their combined output by some 200,000 barrels a day, the 13th member — Iraq — will be having its exports cut by at least that amount because of work which is due to be carried out on a pipeline through Saudi Arabia which Baghdad uses to get its oil to the outside world.

There is in fact every prospect that the overall quantity of crude pumped by the opec nations during November and December will be less than that produced during September and October. At the same time, as the industrialised northern hemisphere switches on the heating, demand will be higher.

The joker in the pack is stocks. Massive reserves are believed to have been built up in the summer when Opec's output ran out of control. Indeed, the communiqué issued by the cartel said that one of the aims of the new deal was that "excess supplies . . . should be further reduced".

Any one of a number of unforeseen, but perfectly foreseeable circumstances — a sudden cold snap, a strike in the North Sea, or the long-awaited Iranian offensive — could send prices soaring past the $20 mark.

That would not only be bad news for the motorist, but also for Sheikh Yamani. Last December, he and his Gulf allies manoeuvred Opec into endorsing a campaign to recapture the cartel's share of world oil markets.

The idea was that by boosting production and slashing prices, the demand for oil could be boosted and, for a variety of technical reasons, the squeeze could be put on non-Opec interlopers like Britain. In practice, the process is proving a great deal more bearable in the short-term — and profitable in long-term — to countries like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the UAE which have big reserves.

Last August, Iran led the poorer nations in Opec into a counter-attack which resulted in the first of the two temporary agreements which have been patched together over the last few months and which have been instrumental in raising prices.

One of the main objectives of Sheikh Yamani and his allies in the conference which ended last week was to grab back the initiative from Iran's increasingly active Oil Minister, Mr Gholamreza Aghazadeh. The other was to get Opec to endorse a new quota system which would reflect the realities of the so-called "fair share" strategy — one that gave the states of the Arabian Peninsula a progessively larger share.

The sheikh and his friends could scarcely claim a victory on either count.

Once again, it was Mr Aghazadeh who put a stop to days of bickering by insisting on a temporary agreement with a higher ceiling. Riyadh salvaged what it could by proposing the 200,000 barrel a day figure the conference eventually accepted. But, as the final communiqué acknowledged, the idea was originally Iran's.

Opec received the first fruits of its latest agreement when the Norwegian government announced it would implement plans to cut oil exports by 10 per cent during November and December. The decision leaves Britain isolated as the only leading non-Opec exporter refusing to cooperate with the cartel.

COMMENT

# Risks and rewards after the Big Bang

THE City of London will never be the same again now that the last big restrictive practices have been swept away, leaving the square mile open to the ruthless and devouring winds of international competition. *It is not the Big Bang which is* important — but the even bigger fall out when losers tumble in droves by the wayside. Even before the fuse paper had been lit most of the City's stockbroking firms were in the throes of being taken over by foreign companies. America is supposed to be the real danger, yet Japan is already said to arrange 40 per cent of loans (mainly international) originating from London and to have a similar share of local authority loans.

This doesn't mean that banking will necessarily go the way of the motor cycle industry. But it will be the survival of the fittest. *And there is no reason to suppose* that City institutions which lost out so heavily on the growth of the vast (and London based) Eurodollar market will fare any better than manufacturing industry has in open competition with the rest of the world.

The Big Bang will certainly bring benefits. Buying large lines of shares or Government stock will — like Japanese televisions — be cheaper. The City will have to break down its class barriers further in order to attract the best people. The economy of London and the Southeast will gain from "invisible" banking earnings and from the influx of spending from foreign operators. It is even possible that a future Labour government could gain from cheaper access to a world wide source of finance.

But at what cost are these benefits being bought? What is now happening is that world-wide deregulation of financial services coupled with the abolition of exchange controls is pushing the money markets further and further away from national control. The Governor of the Bank of England, once the master of the City, can no longer move his eyebrows to bring recalcitrants to bay. Money doesn't live here any more. In the early years of the Big Bang there are bound to be crashes (affecting consumers' savings) simply because there will be too many firms chasing too little business. *One of the main reasons why the* $200 billion a year Eurobond market is based in London is that Britain has less restrictive legislation than America. And we turn a blind eye to the ocean of mutual tax avoidance on which the Eurodollar market hangs. Remember that when the next social security scrounger hits the headlines in the popular press.

But the worst worry about Big Bang is what will, or will not happen, to British industry as a result. Most loans which sweep across the world at the touch of a computer button are related to the financing needs of governments and industry. The loans may balloon into twenty times the value of the trade on which they are ultimately based with overpaid middle men *taking their cut of* the paper chase. But without wealth creation at the base of the pyramid they could not exist. Now, in theory, increased competition ought to bring cheaper loans for British industry. And if Japanese banks export to us some of the long term commitment they have to their own industries then well and good.

But will they? There is a parallel danger that, in the rush to be among the survivors, the new banking conglomerates will take in an even shorter term view of lending to industry than they do already. There may have been an explosion of lending on the international markets in recent years but it *has not exactly been used to resuscitate* manufacturing industry, whose investment is still 17 per cent below what it was in 1978. The reasons for that are complex. But it has got something to do with the money-making functions of the City disengaging from real risk-taking in industry and assuming an offshore life of their own. Unless the Big Bang can re-engage with the cogs of industry then it will eventually cut off the hand that is ultimately feeding it.

*Big Bang fizzles, page 3*

# Changing the Civil Guard

THE true nature of the threat to Spanish democracy from the persistent and apparently unquenchable Basque terrorist campaign is now becoming clearer and simultaneously more serious. The latest atrocity over the weekend, when the military governor of one of the Basque provinces was killed with his wife and son by a bomb, is merely the latest in a long line of spectacularly dreadful assaults on the human symbols of the Spanish state. But a principal difficulty of the moderate Socialist Government of Mr Felipe Gonzalez in dealing with the Basque separatists is the worrying imperfections of his principal instruments, the security services. As we in this country know as well as anyone, terrorism is dauntingly difficult to root out and it also imposes special stresses and strains on those paid to confront it.

*There are many analogies between the* IRA and ETA campaigns, but we are particularly fortunate in Britain as compared with Spain in one crucial respect. We do not look back to a long period of dictatorship which ended only 11 years ago on the death of General Franco. The remarkable progress which has been made in Spain with the reestablishment of democracy is one of the most positive developments in postwar Europe. Mr Gonzalez has felt confident enough to purge the leadership of the military which was the mainstay of the Franco regime, and even to repeat the treatment without noticeable political disadvantage when the first attempt proved insufficient. But he has found the reform of the police an even tougher proposition which has not so far gone quite as he would wished.

In the paramilitary Civil Guard and the National Police the lieutenants and colonels of Franco's day have become today's majors and generals. There is much evidence that the habits they learned in rougher times are dying hard, insofar as they are dying at all. Human rights groups have gathered evidence against the Civil Guard in particular of routine torture. In the National Police the main problem appears to be generalised corruption. The Government has just decided to appoint civilians to head both forces for the first time. These changes are large and encouraging steps in the right direction, coming as they do immediately after a group of examining magistrates issued a public warning that Spain was in danger of reverting to a police state after officers refused to cooperate with an inquiry into alleged police lawbreaking. If the latest reforms do not have the desired effect, Mr Gonzalez could do worse than consider scrapping at least one of his country's nationwide law enforcement agencies altogether.

# Own goal by Black Africa

THE SUSPENSION of the South African delegation from the International Red Cross Conference in Geneva as a protest against apartheid has back-fired with predictable speed. Indeed Pretoria's reaction to the move — the expulsion of Red Cross representatives from the country — was such a cast-iron certainty that the African delegates who organised the suspension cannot claim to be surprised by the response. The result is a tragedy, not so much for the world's most famous humanitarian organisation as for the victims of apartheid inside South Africa. Red Cross officiuls have been helping refugees from the various wars and other disasters in southern Africa which are wholly or partly attributable to apartheid. They have also been able to help prisoners and detainees gaoled under Pretoria's vicious and sweeping security laws. This can only mean that a lot of people are going to suffer as a direct consequence of the removal of the fragile but tangible protection of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross is Switzerland's greatest contribution to humanity and civilisation. For more than a century its standard, an inversion of the Swiss flag, has flown above the battle as a universally recognised symbol of mercy. The good works done in its name are more than enough to justify the Swiss dedication to the principle of neutrality, which does not always command unqualified admiration. Even the Nazis felt obliged to respect it during a war in which they set new standards of inhumanity. The Afrikaners however now think they have been relieved of the need to do so just as it was proving its irreplaceable value.

*The Africans in Geneva,* frustrated by their general inability to weaken apartheid significantly from outside, applied the boycott, the strongest weapon of the weak, to get the South Africans expelled. In doing so they adopted a doctrinaire approach which is understandable in the circumstances but is also evidence of sloppy thinking about how to oppose apartheid. Sometimes deliberate isolation has a dramatic effect, as with the sport, arms and oil embargoes. To get round measures of this kind the South Africans have either been obliged to compromise on apartheid or to make enormous economic efforts to compensate. Sometimes, however, the opposite approach has been equally effective. The Foreign Ministry has recently appointed its first "non-white" diplomat and is about to be forced to swallow the arrival of a black ambassador from the United States.

The lesson from all this is that a boycott is no more the automatically correct answer to apartheid than engagement, constructive or otherwise. Selective sanctions are still a better bet than universal, mandatory ones. The right course to choose is the one which *creates the most embarrassment for the* system and forces it to change. In arguing that the Red Cross cannot be neutral as between apartheid and racial justice in South Africa, the African delegates made a point which cannot be lightly dismissed. But in doing so they have ensured that a lot of people are going to suffer more than they would have done with the Red Cross present.

On balance it looks like an own-goal for which those who kicked it will not suffer — but a lot of helpless people in South Africa are going to have to pay dearly now the referee has been sent off.

# The third horse hits a hurdle

FORGET (if that is possible) Mr Jeffrey Archer: at least for the moment. Put to one side over-heated interviewers wondering whether the train leaving platform 3 at Victoria Station carries all Mrs Thatcher's election hopes in the guard's van. For just before the demise of the king of the Central Office rubber chicken circuit, something rather more momentous was happening. Two polls (one a leaked Conservative *survey, one a Marplan Special) showed the* Alliance in what seemed a free fall. Whilst the Tories and the Labour Party were neck and neck, the Liberals and the SDP together had declined to (variously) nineteen per cent or seventeen per cent. Take the Marplan result and apply it on a mechanical formula to the general election and you find the Alliance falling back from 1983, losing seats, whilst the fabled Balance of Power in a hung Parliament resides with Dr Ian Paisley and Friends. Tidings of discomfort and gloom.

It is instructive to remember how Mr Steel and Dr Owen got themselves into this fine *mess. A single, chaotic afternoon* at Eastbourne was all it took. One of those flailing Liberal assembly sessions of unbeloved memory, in which party dignitaries make heady speeches, and the floor votes from its heart rather than its head. Twenty-seven votes were the difference between credibility and failure. But 27 votes were more than enough. When the Alliance fell out over defence policy, you could sense its support toppling away.

The question for the winter — and quite probably the question for all of this Parliament — is whether enough of that potential support can be wooed back. For much more than the fate of Owen and Steel rides on the Alliance equation. Mr Kinnock's best hope of a Labour majority depends on a Liberal/SDP surge to the top *twenties* of percentage vote, cutting away at enough Southern Tory strongholds to make Labour's Northern sweep decisive. Mrs Thatcher's best hopes depends on keeping the Southern Alliance peripheral. So, what are the chances?

If words and contrition could do the trick, they would already be much brighter. The Liberals — only moments after Eastbourne's euphoria — knew that they'd done something silly. Last week, their MPs and top brass began repairing the damage, putting together a defence policy which Dr Owen (who pushed too hard and too insensitively) is now hailing enthusiastically in *telephone calls to the BBC from foreign* parts. In a rational world, such enthusiasm might seem well merited. The Liberals are now firm believers in nuclear disarmament — but not at any unilateral price. If negotiations fail, they would keep Polaris and replace it by some modest, equivalent weapon. Passion for disarmament and prudent care for the real world are carefully balanced. Put that latest amendment together with a couple of the doctor's more magisterial speeches and the joint working party on defence and you have a pretty intelligent, pretty flexible series of propositions to apply to a world gone helter-skelter after Reykjavik. Certainly no-one could say that the Alliance has a monopoly of election defence trouble. Mr Kinnock's line — in the wake of Blackpool — looks anything but fireproof; whilst Mrs Thatcher's anxiety that her friend in the White House won't take all his cruises and Pershings away is going to be a hard act to peddle.

The problem for the two Davids, however, is that parity of dubiety doesn't seem to be enough. The Alliance began as an adventure. Many times still, in the heat of by-election campaigns, that sense of adventure gives it an almost predictable lift. But, even before Harrogate and Eastbourne, the national polls were telling a rather saggy story. Labour's glossy refurbishment, on the one hand, was recapturing some of the old ground. The Tories' array of little economic hooks — British Telecom shares, TSB, British Gas, tax cuts and the rest — was clawing back dissent in the South. The Alliance, seemingly, has lost the momentum of adventure. It had settled, perhaps too readily, for the complacency — and abstruse theology — of three party politics.

Can the momentum be recaptured? It will be difficult (especially while moves towards merger are greyly sidelined). But the opportunity remains. The SDP blueprint for tax rationalisation is one of the most intriguing, high risk political documents around. The Alliance's old fascination with incomes policy could rise again as inflation gnaws away at Mr Lawson's confidence; and wage control remain the two words that Mr Hattersley dare not speak. And, curiously enough, defence could still be a vote-winning issue.

The doubts are ones of frames of mind and of reluctance to gamble. Eastbourne's ghosts, for instance, could only truly be exorcised by a second, special conference, and the melodrama of minds changed. But no. That option has been pushed aside. Forms of words will have to do. In this area, as in many others, that won't suffice. The Alliance is playing for high stakes or it is playing for very little. Alas, the most current polls show how very little that might be.

***Letters to the Editor are welcomed but not all can be acknowledged. We don't like cutting them but sometimes this is necessary to get them in the page — short letters stand a better chance. Send them to The Guardian Weekly, PO Box 19, Cheadle, Cheshire SK8 1DD, England.***



Le Monde ENGLISH SECTION

**The former self-styled emperor of Central Africa, Jean-Bedel Bokassa, arrived unexpectedly at *Mpoko airport in Bangui, Central Africa,* on Thursday last week and was promptly arrested and taken to Ngaraba prison. He had slipped out of his Château de Hardricourt in the Yvelines *departement* and driven to Brussels where he took an Air Afrique flight under the assumed name of Christian Solé. His wife Catherine and five of his children (he has 55 children in all from several wives) who accompanied him were immediately sent back to Paris in another Air Afrique flight.**

**A *communiqué issued by the office of the* Central African President, General André Kolingba, and read out on the national radio explained that the "Ogre of Berengo" (the name of the place, 80 kilometres east of Bangui, where Bokassa's palace was situated), who had been condemned to death in absentia on December 19, 1980, would be dealt with in keeping with the provisions of the law.**

# Bokassa's baffling return to Bangui

By Laurent Zecchini

CONDEMNED to death in absentia for "assassinations, misappropriation of state funds, assault and battery, possession of cadavers and cannibalism, to say no more." This how General Kolingba last May described the charges hanging over the man who elevated himself to marshal and later had himself crowned on December 4, 1977, as emperor at a grandiose and ridiculous ceremony attended by members of the then French government.

And Kolingba, who has been President since September 1981, added: "I wouldn't want Bokassa to return to Central Africa; I believe it's in his interest to stay where he is." Kolingba plainly feared his return: "That would mean having to go through the trial all over again and reliving the disorder in Central Africa."

Bokassa . . . Seven years later, the events come back, picture after picture. The "imperial palace" of Berengo, a product of its occupant's demented imagination, with its factories, "the Empress Catherine's bedroom", and the bedroom of the "Romanian" Gabriella, sent into the "emperor's" arms by Bucharest's secret services, the "throne room" with its safes smashed open by French paratroopers sent in to "mop up" the place; the Kolongo villa and its cold-rooms stuffed with human cadavers, the crocodile pool, the lions' cage where victims were devoured alive as the "court" and guests looked on; the slaughter of schoolchildren on September 20, 1979 in which the "emperor" is said to have personally given a hand, and which the then Minister of Cooperation Roger Galley dismissed as a "pseudo-event"; the scandals of the "diamonds" presented to President Giscard d'Estaing which haunted the 1981 presidential campaign; the fall of the "emperor" following a French military operation which Giscard d'Estaing described as the "overthrow of a brutal and contemptible regime"; the scores of deaths attributable to "Bok's" murderous insanity; and especially the shock of the people.

General Kolingba is understandably worried. Bokassa's return to to Bangui is likely to stir up many painful memories in Central Africa and in France.

By what twisted reasoning, what shortsightedness, and on whose advice did Bokassa walk into a situation where he could not have been ignorant of the punishment awaiting him. Was he put up to it, as Bokassa's eldest son, Georges, suggests? Should considerations of French domestic politics be seen in the move, or was it rather an attempt to destablise the Bangui government?

(Bokassa, apparently, was not as closely guarded as was thought at his Château de Hardricourt residence. The police assigned to watch his movements had in fact been taken off early in September, following a long series of incidents. While Bokassa could not stand being incessantly watched by the police, the policemen conducting the surveillance could not stand Bokassa either. The "ex-emperor", who had several powerful limousines, took malicious pleasure in shaking off the RG (police intelligence service) inspectors tailing him. They were later replaced by gendarmes and policemen who had more modest vehicles. Tired of this cat-and-mouse game, they got themselves a fast Peugeot 505 DTI. The very next day, spotting the police on his tail, Bokassa drove up a motorway in the wrong direction. A few days later, there was a repetition of the scenario. Bokassa drove fast on an Yvelines road, then abruptly jammed on his brakes. The police car tailing him crashed into his vehicle and a brand-new 505 GTI was reduced to a heap of junk.)

Now the "harm" has been done, what about the consequences? Central Africa is a vulnerable country, in spite or because of the presence — in Bangui and at Bouar — of almost 1,300 French troops and some ten Jaguar fighter planes. Because of its proximity to Chad, France regards it as a "sensitive" country in the region on which Paris spends close to F(CFA) 15 billion (F300 million) in non-military aid alone.

Despite genuine efforts to set the economy back on its feet, General Kolingba's government would teeter on the edge of bankruptcy if French economic assistance were abruptly turned off. But this is highly improbable. In the event of a crisis in neighbouring Chad, troops stationed in Central Africa would be sent in. It is in France's interest therefore to prop the Central African President up militarily and financially. The presidential guard, officered by French soldiers, provides the security and the Caisse Centrale de Coopération Economique and the Fonds d'Aide et de Coopération the finances.

Paradoxically enough, Bangui could be ignited by a spark — and Bokassa with his revelations could provide that fuse. Such a thing happened when a French Jaguar crashed into a residential section of the capital in March killing 31 people. It immediately set off violent anti-French demonstrations that the authorities were not able to control quickly.

The presence of the EFAO (French Operational Assistance Units) on the banks of the Oubangui is felt as a burden by part of the population, particularly in the poorer neighbourhoods, where the French soldiers are known as "barracudas". Troubles in Bangui? The former head of state's followers are still around, of course, but have been out of sight for a long time. They are a few former local bigwigs who took advantage of the despot's unpredictable bouts of generosity, a few hankering for the pomp and circumstance of the "Empire" and a few pseudo-moralisers who consider that in Bokassa's time there was "only one big thief" compared with today's "forty thieves" (the government). At any rate, they do not add up to very many and pose little threat to the government.

Then there is the fragmented institutional opposition, many of whose leaders are veterans who share a hunger for power with all the perks that presupposes. There is Ange Patasse's MLPC (Movement for the Liberation of the Central African People); Abel Goumba's FPO-PT (Patriotic Ubangian Front-Labour Party), Henri Mäidou's PRP (Republican Party for Progress), and the MCLN (Central African National Liberation Movement), plus a few prominent figures and retired generals.

Doubtless, it would be better to say "there were", for so many of these opposition "leaders" have been either shouldered aside or forgotten. True, a feature of Bangui is that a latent opposition can simmer in the poorer neighbourhoods and this could flare up overnight or even become organised.

Kolingba has been making great efforts in the last couple of years to give *his government a more presentable* image. When the fifth anniversary of his assumption of power was celebrated on September 1, clemency measures were taken in respect of 23 political detainees.

Central Africans will soon have to vote in a referendum on the new constitution, and last March President Kolingba announced he was forming up a single party, the RDC (Rally for Democracy in Central Africa). In short, several efforts have been undertaken in a country where respecting human rights remains a distant goal. These are extremely fragile achievements. Bokassa is indeed a trouble-maker first and a criminal afterwards.

(October 25)

# French dilemma over relations with Syria

By Jacques Amalric

BY BREAKING OFF diplomatic ties with Damascus, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher confronted quite a few European capitals, Paris in particular, with a prickly problem.

For the first time, in fact, a Western state has irrefutable facts pointing to direct Syrian involvement in Nezar Hindawi's attempt to blow up an El Al Boeing in flight.

Right away this presents Britain's European partners with a delicate problem: what should they do? And especially, as high-level French government sources acknowledge, "the evidence London has is so much more convincing than the woolly allegations General Vernon Walters made when he tried to convince us of Libyan responsibility in certain terrorist acts."

While this is so, the break in relations between London and Damascus came as no surprise to French officials. They had been warned ahead of the measure, and President Mitterrand himself was able to gauge at first hand Margaret Thatcher's mood during their *October 16 meeting. It was* admitted that the Hindawi case and its consequences were on the agenda of their talks.

It is also possible that British security officials let French Security Minister Robert Pandraud glimpse their files on the case when he went to London on October 20.

On Saturday, October 25, Paris had still not decided how to react to the British initiative. But officials were saying, almost with relief, that all London was asking for was basically "verbal solidarity" and would be satisfied with a moral condemnation of Syria. This condemnation was set to be discussed at the October 27 meeting in Brussels. French Foreign Minister Jean-Bernard Raimond was not expected to attend the meeting because he was scheduled to be at the French-German summit in Frankfurt. Instead, he was to be represented by Bernard Bosson, the minister responsible for European Affairs, and his instructions were to express France's "complete solidarity" with Britain.

The French government's margin of manoeuvre in dealing with Syria is nevertheless narrowing. Prime Minister Jacques Chirac has in fact been making countless statements such as the one he made in the National Assembly on October 8 during the debate on terrorism: "If it were proved that certain states, or certain services dependent on them, have directly or indirectly helped in terrorist acts committed on our territory or against French interests, the government will draw all the conclusions from them."

It was admittedly on British territory that Hindawi committed his unsuccessful attempt. The proof has nonetheless been given that Syria is a terrorist state. So the question is, what do we propose to do about it now that so much has been said about European cooperation in combating terrorism? Should we be satsified with a mere academic denunciation? Should we go a step further and ask Syria to reduce its diplomatic staff in France, as had been done in Libya's case? Can we still *contemplate* the possibility of sending to Damascus these groups of economics and financial experts that President Hafiz el-Assad has been impatiently expecting since July — experts who are due to carry out a sort of audit of the country's situation? Is it indeed realistic to consider continuing to give economic assistance to a terrorist state on the brink of bankruptcy, even if France has no proof directly involving Syria in the September terrorist attacks in Paris?

These are the questions that French officials were grappling with over the weekend. The French hostages held in Lebanon have added to the dilemma, especially the following Monday French-Iranian financial negotiations were due to resume with a view to "normalising" relations with Iran, Syria's current ally and the country which, in the usual euphemistic diplomatic language, "has an influence on those who are holding the hostages . . ."

(October 26/27)

**Damascus reacted swiftly and in a tit-for-tat manner to Britain's decision on Friday, October 24, to break off diplomatic relations with Syria following the conviction of a Jordanian, Nezar Hindawi, to 45 years' imprisonment for attempting to blow up an El Al passenger plane in April. The British initiative is embarrassing France, which was expected to clarify its position at a meeting of EEC foreign ministers on October 27. The United States has decided to recall its ambassador in Damascus. The Canadian ambassador in Syria was recalled by Ottawa for consultations some time earlier.**




*Drawing by Plantu*

*Long underrated, the 72-year-old pianist Jorge Bolet is now recognised as one of the greatest living performers of Franz Liszt. To celebrate the composer's centenary this year, Decca have just brought out 11 records of Bolet playing Liszt.*

*Bolet recently attended the excellent fifth La Roque-d'Anthéron Piano Festival, held in a small village near Aix-en-Provence. In addition to three recitals, he gave several master classes. Anne Rey talked to him about his work.*

# Bolet's unique pianissimo

**Interview by Anne Rey**

ONE may loathe bravura and detest virtuosity, dismiss Liszt's piano works as second-rate, and see no point in his transcriptions for the keyboard of Beethoven symphonies or Schubert songs. One may judge Leopold Godowski (a legendary turn-of-the-century pianist and composer) to be terribly old-fashioned. One may claim to like nothing but Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier" and Beethoven's late sonatas. But it is difficult not to have a sneaking respect for the great maestros of the keyboard, whether living or dead.

Like Liszt, Jorge Bolet is an upstanding man of somewhat theatrical dignity, which is quickly replaced in private by a very smiling, straightforward manner. He shares with Godowski (at least as far as can be judged from our sketchy knowledge of the latter) a certain detached, thoroughbred nonchalance.

Bolet regularly plays the works of both composers — and was doing so at a time when very few of his professional colleagues ventured to tackle in public what has been described as "circus" or "night-club" music.

The Cuban-born Bolet, who was a diplomat and then Rudolph Serkin's assistant at the Curtis Institute in the United States before himself becoming its director, received such a drubbing from French music critics in the 50s that he could well have decided never to give another recital here.

But Decca, his record company, had been keeping its ears close to the ground. When the wind of fashion changed in favour of neglected composers, works long been regarded as kitsch were suddenly rehabilitated.

It was then that people began to wonder how they should be played. What was the pianistic technique that resulted in Liszt being adulated like a living god throughout France? And what about Godowski? Surely his forehead must have glistened with beads of sweat and his finger muscles have seized up when he gave a concert performance of his 53 studies paraphrasing those of Frédéric Chopin — all of them many times more difficult than the far-from-easy originals.

One of the reasons Bolet has returned to France to give a triumphal series of concerts over the last three years is that he was Godowski's pupil, and that in his lifetime he has known several of Liszt's own pupils, who passed on a number of secrets to him.

When Bolet, who is 6ft 3ins tall, stands quite unruffled and bows to the audience after giving a Liszt recital consisting of two paraphrases, an opera transcription, three transcendental studies and three encores, it is easy to understand why the legendary pianistic tradition held such a great attraction for audiences: it had to do with the baffling, almost demonic contrast between what is seen and what is heard.

Bolet treated us to a succession of evocations — bell ringing, sounds of festivity, elves flitting through the night, a cavalcade of centuries, countries and heroes, a nexus of literary and religious reminiscences — without batting an eyelid. He was at opposite poles from the pseudo-virtuoso, who cuts a pathetic figure with his sweat-soaked shirt and carefully flaunted cuffs.

When, at the La Roque d'Anthéron Festival, I saw Jorge Bolet sit down at the keyboard in his impeccably reserved manner, pass on the pianistic tradition to his pupils, or explain, in his soft-spoken, melancholy way, that the absolute in music was an impossible quest, I could not help thinking of the "smiling and sad old magus" whose image Stéphane Mallarmé so liked, and of whom he wrote: "He knows full well that his art is an imposture. But he also seems to be saying: it might well have been the truth."

I asked Bolet why he specialised in Liszt and Godowski. "Purists who dismiss Liszt's virtuoso pieces, or the transcriptions he and Godowski made of other works, are complete ignorami," he said. "Godowski is no more old-fashioned than Michelangelo. No one has ever written piano solos like his, or taken the independence of the hands to such extreme limits. At the end of his transcription of Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus", for example, he superimposes *three* waltzes on top of each other. They have to be played simultaneously. I know of no other piece that is as difficult. It's virtually impossible to bring out the three melodic lines at the same time."

Why did he play that sort of music, then? "It's a challenge. World records are a matter of a few thousandths of a second. Yes, I am competitive, but not with other people. There would be no point in that. Every pianist has his own style and his own career. The person I compete against is myself."

Did he always win? "Never. I always say to my pupils at their first class: 'You've chosen the craziest profession of all. And it's even crazier to believe you'll make it. You're moving towards a goal which you'll realise very soon is impossible to achieve. You'll throw all your energies into trying to attain it, but it will be in vain. Worse still, if that goal is your only motivation, your failure will be immediate."

Bolet never saw Godowski perform. He stopped playing the piano after suffering a heart attack. "He wasn't really a concert-hall pianist, but rather a salon artiste. There are salons where women are elegantly dressed and it is customary to kiss their hands. Those are the sort of women one should have in mind when playing Godowski — not dancing girls wearing snow-boots."

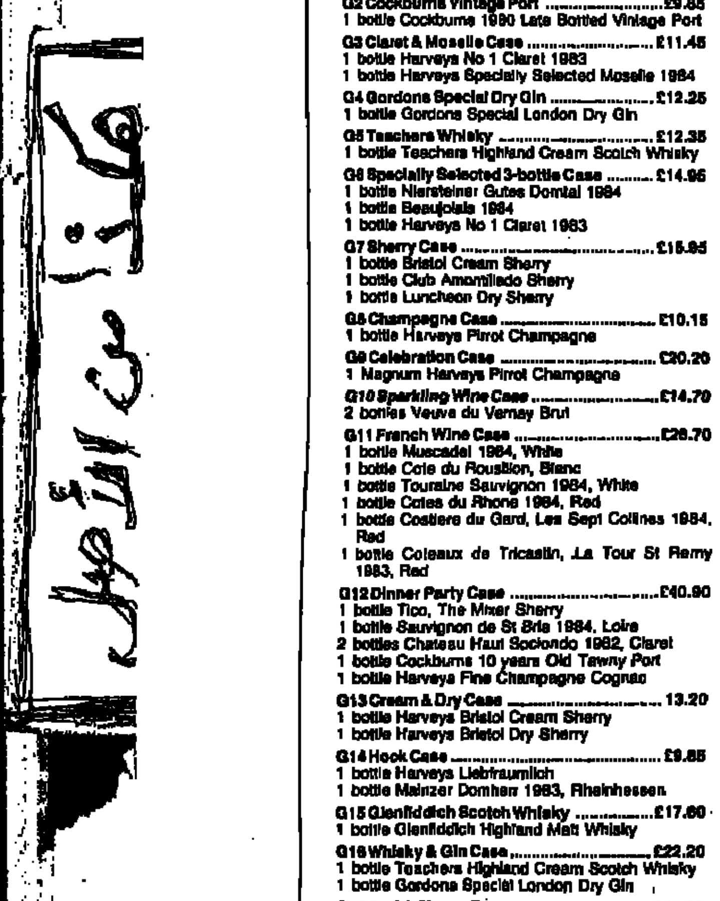
I wondered whether the style he had inherited from Godowski was still imitable. "There's nothing to stop the great tradition being passed on to the 16-year-old Korean girl who won second prize at the Leeds Piano Competition in 1984, or to another of my pupils, a highly gifted young Japanese man. But they won't be able to carry on that tradition by aping me. In any case, when you listen to them play, it's impossible to tell they're pupils of mine. Serkin's pupils, on the other hand, can be detected a mile off."

Bolet's teaching methods are very simple: he states some general principles, but never gives examples and almost never plays the piece being studied. "Often my pupils have the required technique but don't know how to listen to what they're playing. So I occasionally reproduce what they have played, and they automatically understand where they went wrong or where the difficulty lies.

"Actually I teach out of a sense of duty. I inherited the tradition of Ignacy Paderewski, Sergei Rachmaninov, Josef Hofmann, Walter Gieseking and Alfred Cortot, and feel bound to pass it on. Their way of playing — following their own inspiration and never performing mechanically — has now virtually disappeared.

"One has to ask oneself what the composer wanted when he indicated this or that expression mark or tempo. The score is the negative of this idea, and it's up to us to reinject life and meaning into it through our own thought and imagination. True, the only rule is that one should play exactly what is written in the score. But everything depends on what you mean by 'exactly'.

"A teacher doesn't inculcate truths, but passes on a reflection of his own personality and his way of doing things. Two years ago, I heard Emil Gilels in London. His recital included Brahms's 'Pieces' opus 116 and Schumann's 'Etudes Symphoniques', both of which I play very often. There wasn't a single note that I would have played as he did — it was a superb performance!"







**ONE hundred and one Malians who, according to Minister of Public Security Robert Pandraud, were illegally present in France, *were forcibly bundled into a chartered plane at* Orly airport and flown back to Bamako on Saturday, October 18. Fifty-four of the Malians came from an immigrant workers' hostel at Rosny (Seine-Saint-Denis). Armed with a rogatory commission delivered by an examining magistrate in Bobigny, police moved into the hostel at 6 am on October 14 and took away 60 of the 136 persons usually resident there. The decision to expel the persons was taken by the Seine-Saint-Denis prefect, Raymond Le Bris, with the permission of the Foreign Ministry and the Interior Ministry and after considerable discussions with the Malian authorities. — The Malians were held for a few days at the Hotel Ibis, then taken to Orly where they were joined by other expelled Malians brought in from Paris and other neighbouring *departements.***

**The 101 people were then taken under police escort into a plane, chartered for F450,000 from the Minerve charter firm. Twenty-three policemen, three inspectors and three supervisors from the Seine-Saint-Denis Departmental Board of Urban Police Forces, under the authority of a superintendent of the Police de l'Air et des Frontières (PAF) accompanied the expelled Malians.**

**The police say the journey went off well despite the reluctance of a score of the passengers who had to be *"helped" to take their places in the plane.* They deny in particular that any of the expellees formally refused to board the plane, and while they acknowledge that some of them were handcuffed when they entered the plane, they point out that these were removed as soon as the plane took off. According to the same sources, the Malian authorities were not particularly satisfied with the arrival of their nationals in Bamako and proceeded to examine the situation of each expellee on a case-by-case basis.**

**Since Parliament voted the new law permitting administrative expulsions (those arrested do not have to be taken before a magistrate), this is the second time that the authorities have carried out a mass expulsion. The previous one involved 32 Turks from Marseilles.**

**At the moment the PAF are expelling each week some 140 foreigners from Roissy and 100 others from Orly. Most of these are administrative expulsions, and court orders are becoming rare. The rate of expulsions which in recent months had halved has been rising again rapidly following the passage of the new law.**

**Ordinarily, such expulsions are carried out on an individual basis, and most often without a police escort, for the PAF's resources do not run to paying for tickets for accompanying policemen. If the expelled person refuses to board the plane, he is then referred to the Public Prosecutor's department, which can then have him charged in a court of law for refusing to board the plane.**

**In this case, the expellee then goes on to swell the ranks of those held in prison. It is this procedure that the new expulsion procedure is apparently trying to get round.**

Captain Pasqua wishes you a happy *trip and begs you to fasten your* seatbelts. If you don't you'll get a clip round the ear!

*Drawing by Plantu*

# Migrants suffer get-tough policy

**By Bruno Frappat**

IN ROUTINE assembly-line police court hearings involving the rag, tag and bobtail of petty offenders, when the Public Prosecutor runs out of ideas or is exhausted or in a hurry, he usually makes do with a general-purpose phrase — "application of the law". We get the impression that this is increasingly going to be the case with illegal immigrants, that the government will have only one answer as batch after batch of expulsions are carried out in the name of commonsense and security — "application of the law".

The nocturnal embarkation for Bamako of 101 Malians in a charter plane (an operation just as hole-in-the corner as those who put them in there) comes as a shock because of the numbers involved. A question of size. But we must have no illusions. The operation was carried out under the law's umbrella and approved by a good portion of French public opinion, wound up by the insecurity and the anti-drugs campaigns. You would be running up against public sentiment by adopting an indulgent and humanitarian attitude instead of applying the policy as it was spelled out before the elections and legalised afterwards.

With regard to the mass expulsion that has just taken place — it is the administration's way of saying "Get lost!" — it respected by and large the new forms of legality. All we can do is wonder, incidentally, whether all the persons who were out of step with the law were, as provided for under the September 9, 1986 legislation, "given an opportunity to get in touch with a lawyer, their consul or other person of their choice." We also wonder whether it was right to utilise what one Interior Ministry official described as "necessary violence" in the case of five of the expelled Malians to compel them to take their places in the plane.

As for the rest, the surprise is the surprise. The new Majority wanted it this way and voted for it. It is another form of the rule of law to which we have to become accustomed. The embarrassment felt even within the ruling Majority over the latest operation and its shady air of a "round-up" was touchingly voiced by Secretary of State for Human Rights Claude Malhuret. He deplored the fact he had not been warned, but pointed out it was in line with the law. He merely noted that the numbers involved in the expulsion could seem shocking and suggested that a good many problems would be avoided if expulsions were carried out in dribs and drabs piecemeal — as was the case before — rather than in sinister batches.

Such niceties did not trouble the Ministers of Interior and Public Security. They made that point clear enough. You might even wonder whether the publicity given to the case does not after all suit them, for it proves to the public that when they talk tough, actions follow. Given this realism then, little weight is attached to the indignation of people who consider that short-circuiting justice, provided for in the law though it may be, is no less unlawful and that France has more to lose in reputation than gain in security in such convoys as legal as they are shameful.

(October 21)

# Mozambicans exhausted by poverty and unending war

**By Jacques de Barrin**

MAPUTO — They assure you they got it on good authority and tell you confidentially: "The inhabitants of Nampula, *in the north*, were only recently reduced to eating rats. Two Boeing 737s carrying soldiers a few weeks ago were hit by antiaircraft missiles fired by the armed bandits of the Mozambican National Resistance (RNM — Renamo)." Rumours feed on rumours. It is very difficult, especially from a capital cut off from its hinterland, to sift the true from the false in a country so tightly compartmentalised because of the prevailing insecurity. Often as not, the reality of the day is not that of the day before nor even of the day after.

The food situation? How is one to know? Some say people manage to make out slightly better than before because of good rainfall, family farm development, the introduction of a free market economy and the injection of international aid (which, for want of transport facilities, is advantaging the coastal regions more). But a disenchanted United Nations official noted cynically: "There is no famine today as was experienced during the great drought of 1983-1984. Today, progress has been made: poverty is more evenly distributed."

Local authorities deliberately blacken the picture so as to move a world community ready to spring to the help of a "front-line" state grappling with South Africa's subversive manoeuvres. They speak of four million people facing natural disasters and war, that is one-third of Mozambique's total population. Explained one humanitarian organisation official: "To obtain such statistics, different situations are taken into account, those of people directly affected by these scourges, those of people who are likely to be affected by them and those of people who have abandoned their villages and put down roots elsewhere."

Last year, Mozambique received 450,000 metric tons of food aid, which covers about 40 per cent of *its needs. The United States alone* furnished 150,000 tons. For political reasons, Washington is prompt to up the ante. "It's becoming increasingly difficult to mobilise farmers," complained an agricultural official, "for they very quickly get used to the idea of being fed by foreigners."

At best, the peasant world is resigned to practising strict self-subsistence as virtually everything is in short supply — equipment, seed and means of transport — for it to be able to produce surpluses. Should it succeed in doing that, it would not be able to use its earnings to buy basic necessities like a bar of soap or a length of cloth which are practically unobtainable outside the larger urban centres.

In the city, especially in Maputo, there is always a possibility of overcoming this problem — if one is prepared to pay the price — by turning to the parallel market (the Kandonga), whether it is for travelling from *one place to another* (private light trucks, Chapas 100, supplement the ailing bus service) or for improving the standard government-supplied monthly rations of *abastecimento* (provisions) of corn, rice, cooking oil, sugar, dried fish and soap. Today, at the end of the current dry season, there is a plentiful supply of fresh fruit and vegetables in the capital's main market. Tomatoes sell at 80 meticals a kilo (about £1.20) while a kilo of Swaziland apples cost 1,050 meticals (£15.50), prices that are obviously out of reach of an employee earning 4,000 meticals (£68) a month.

Their country is at war and the Mozambicans have learned to live with it. If only they knew what precisely what this unending war was all about, there would perhaps be a way of living less dangerously. The International Red Cross Committee unit in the centre of Maputo fits roughly 3,000 artificial limbs a year on civilian and military amputees wounded by bullets or exploding mines.

There is no front. The enemy is elusive. The "armed bandits" are expected in one place and they strike somewhere else. The provinces of Gaza and Inhambane, which were considered dangerous three years ago, are now relatively safe, whereas Zambezia and the regions close to Malawi are today classed as high-risk zones. But this does not rule out isolated "resistance" clashes in the northern areas around Pemba or near the South African border, south of Maputo.

It is impossible to keep the road map up to date or the tracks open to traffic with or without military escort. "It's passable" once, ten times, then "it's no longer passable". In general there is a sort of 20-kilometre wide security belt around big provincial and district towns, and Maputo is no exception to this rule. Some suburban dwellers in Catembe go every evening to the inner city so they can sleep undisturbed. The plane is therefore the only way of getting out of the capital without encountering guerrillas. And firm bookings are possible only in exchange for hard currency.

On one side, about 15,000 "bandits"; on the other, 25,000 soldiers of the regular army. The former might perhaps be strong enough to seize power given the extremely low morale of the government troops. But they would not be able to hold on to it. The latter ensure the survival of Maputo's Marxist regime but cannot help it to extend its writ through the country, even if the current elections seem to indicate the contrary. Neither side has ever been in a position to score a decisive victory over the other. Even the capture of the Renamo headquarters in the Gorongoza hills with the help of Zimbabwean troops proved inconclusive.

Besides, should Renamo be blamed for all the violent acts being committed throughout the country? Since the uniforms and the weapons are identical, how do you tell a "bandit" from anyone else? Such a state of anarchy unleashes all kinds of baleful energies. Dissident groups have formed on both sides; they work on their own and are accountable to no one. It is known that many of the injustices committed in the suburban areas of Maputo are the work of rogue policemen.

This "war of uncles" — everybody has relatives on one or other side — has led to 300,000 Mozambicans fleeing their country. Many have only one ambition — to "jump the fence", that is the electrified fence running down one part of the South African border. The Pretoria government, which is trying to send "illegal immigrants" back to their home countries, took a step in this direction when it decided on October 8 to suspend the entry of Mozambican workers.

What is the ambition of the students at the Inhambane Railway Technicians' School? To use their diplomas to get jobs in South Africa or Zimbabwe where the trains run safely . . .

Does South Africa then have the fascination of a promised land for its neighbours? Pretoria's official representative has an office in Maputo where he delivers about 800 visas a month to Mozambicans wanting to go to South Africa for family, medical or business reasons. But on the other side of the border live more than 50,000 Mozambican miners without families and they are now faced with repatriation. They bring in about $50 million a year to Mozambique. In addition there the 12,000 other legally registered Mozambicans working on South African farms and 25,000 "illegal immigrants" that the Pretoria government is trying to send back to Mozambique at the rate of 1,000 a month.

Just before the Nkomati non-aggression pact was signed with South Africa in March 1984, people here were saying: "The situation is worse than ever, but for once there is some hope." Even a ceasefire came close to being concluded in October the same year between the Mozambican authorities and the "armed bandits". Very quickly, though, the people realised that nothing had changed on the ground. The discovery of compromising documents when Renamo's headquarters were seized by Mozambican government troops finally convinced Maputo that Pretoria was not being above-board in this case. "We believed — wrongly, as it turned out — that Pieter Botha had the authority of a De Gaulle to impose peace on those around him who did not want it," an aide of the "Comrade-President" said.

Today people say: "We're perhaps a little less badly off, but there's no more hope." Disenchantment, almost despondency. As the official line became harder, South African susceptibilities were spared less and less and there was even talk of having it out with Malawi which was accused of giving sanctuary to the "bandits". The late President Samora Machel appointed a Prime Minister in July to whom he relinquished the responsibility for running the state's day-to-day affairs, so he could devote all his time to his real profession, soldiering.

While it is recognised that Renamo is serving the interests of some South African circles, many fear that in future it may concentrate its attacks on the Beira corridor. How then to ensure the security of this 300-kilometre-long

*Continued on page 14*

# No tears at the Elysée over Reykjavik failure

By André Fontaine

NO TEARS, haemorrhagic or crocodilian, were shed at the *Elysée, Matignon, Quai d'Orsay or* even the Defence Ministry when news came through that the Reykjavik summit had collapsed. One of the points in the deal that Reagan and Gorbachev at one stage came so close to agreeing was in fact the famous zero option — the simultaneous dismantling of intermediate-range missiles in Europe: Soviet SS-20s and American Pershing IIs and cruise missiles. France, like all the Nato countries, may well have approved this attractive idea in its time, but the fact is it now scares their leaders.

What do they fear? That Europe's guard might be lowered given the Warsaw Pact's enormous superiority in conventional and chemical weapons. That the United States, whose nuclear commitment is pretty nearly automatic in case of a limited aggression against Europe so long as it keeps its own missiles here, might hesitate longer to act once they have been withdrawn. Finally, and above all, that the French and British deterrent may be called into question in the very short term.

For the Soviet government has frequently pointed out that in case of an agreement with Washington it would raise the question of the *two European nuclear arsenals.* It is perfectly willing to allow them to be kept in their present state, but does not want them updated, something that Paris and London say is absolutely essential to make them credible.

The collapse of the Reykjavik summit provides a breathing spell for pondering an answer to the question raised in this way. It takes nothing away from the need to look for the answer. For until there is evidence that this is not the case, the setback is only a hiccup, considering how eagerly both sides have been going about minimising its gravity. The sticking point was largely the famous Strategic Defence Initiative, better known as "Star Wars", whereas the progress achieved in so many other areas was, as George Shultz pointed out, "quite simply gigantic".

Getting on in years, his final presidential term running out and anxious, as one might expect, to keep his country safe from war for ever, Ronald Reagan we know is convinced that technological progress will offer him the means to achieve this. All that is necessary is to build a space shield with orbiting space stations and laser beams which enemy missiles would not be able to pierce. Consequently, at Reykjavik, he had no hesitation in proposing that all nuclear missiles be dismantled *within ten years. Why only nuclear* missiles, when many conventional, not to mention chemical, weapons, can kill just as many while dissuading infinitely less? That's a mystery.

That Ronald Reagan's space "dream" has applicable aspects there is no denying. It is just as true that many industries in the United States and Europe see opportunities in it for obtaining particularly timely orders. As to the shield succeeding in turning away the adversary's sword, everything history has taught up to now prompts one to believe nothing of it.

And the Soviets? There are doubtless differing analyses among them as in the West. The most political analyses seem convinced the SDI mountain will labour and bring forth a mouse as soon as Reagan quits the White House. But for dividing the Allies and obtaining the best conditions in a possible horse trade, it is in their interest to uphold the contention of those who argue that the United States' sole aim is either to obtain *a decisive strategic edge, with the* space shield — according to them — providing a means for launching a surprise attack, or to push the Soviet economy, already in bad *shape, into a ruinous technological* competition.

But it is precisely because the arms race is already a heavy drain on a sluggish Soviet economy that Gorbachev has been busy, since his arrival in the Kremlin, trying to reactivate détente both with the West and China. Resistance to this inside the system itself would have to be sufficiently strong, as Khrushchev found out in his time, for the effort to be called off.

For we Europeans, at any rate, it is indeed the last thing we would want. Apart from the fact that a renewed cold war could only aggravate even more the countless conflicts that are costing lives the world over and whose repercussions, especially in the form of terrorism, we are still feeling, there is nothing to show that the West's unity would stand up for ever to the appeal of pacifism. The victory in the recent battle of Euromissiles was only narrowly won and there was a moment when West Germany looked as if it might be caught up in the drift to neutralism. *It is Great Britain* that seems threatened today; the Iron Lady's increasing unpopularity could well end up in the coming months returning to *power the Labour Party now fallen* victim to the delusion of unilateral nuclear disarmament.

Perhaps the risk should not to be taken too tragically. Harold Wilson also campaigned *for* "unilateralism" in his day, but this did not prevent him from launching two nuclear missile submarines once he had been elected. The French Socialists behaved in a no less spectacular way. But the fact remains that too many gestures have been made by both sides in recent days, and in particular the Soviets' acceptance for the first time of on-site inspection of arms reduction or limitation measures, for public opinion to come to terms easily with a return to the devastating logic of escalation.

It is not enough to tell yourself that in this age of deterrence one nuclear power could not possibly attack another nuclear power without destroying itself. We have to draw the conclusion from this and therefore find the means for stopping the worst of drifts — diverting into preparations for a war nobody wants and nobody believes in a massive proportion of the resources that would be so necessary to halt Europe's decline and avert the Third World's bankruptcy. *The two superpowers* which are squaring up to each other in the name of outdated ideologies will one day have to ponder the question, between themselves and with us, *of how to* make the next century a little better than the present one; in other words, that they try to look a little beyond their own short-term interests.

(October 22)



## Mozambique

*Continued from page 13*

strategic structure? Mozambican and Zimbabwean troops will not be enough. Given the importance of what is at stake, suggestions have been made of turning the job over to a multinational force. Despite all this, Maputo's leaders would like to be masters in their own country, but the question is whether they have the means for that.

However it may look at the problem and whichever way it turns, Mozambique is in no position to impose terms. It is more than ever dependent on foreign countries. Could it be otherwise when its foreign debt is running at $4 billion and its export earnings amount to only $100 million?

Mozambique is still managing to stay on its feet, to survive. But its people, exhausted by their ordeals, lack a reason for hoping, therefore for acting.

(October 22)




**Le Monde**
Directeur: Andre Fontaine





**The Washington Post**

# Road From Reykjavik

PHASE 1 of the post-summit process was dejection; Phase 2 was a recovery of hope; Phase 3 was the effort to establish exactly what happened in Reykjavik — and Phase 4 is now developing. It's the effort to work out an alliance policy that satisfies American strategic considerations and the European allies' requirements too. This doesn't mean Phase 3 is finished. On the contrary, the White House and Mr. Gorbachev have been engaged in an extraordinary public debate over *what was actually offered* and agreed on in the hurly-burly of Iceland. Nonetheless, the emphasis now, at least on the American side, is to ensure that henceforth policy takes into full account the implications of trying to move rapidly to a Europe and a world without the different sorts of nuclear arms that the two leaders discussed cutting or eliminating at Reykjavik.

There are two considerations here. The first bears on Europe and the Strategic Defense Initiative. The Europeans are dubious about SDI but, out of deference to the leader of the alliance, they hesitate to get into the middle of the Soviet-American argument over it. Still, they do not want SDI to become an obstacle to Soviet-American arms control, which remains their political priority. To keep Moscow from using SDI as a wedge, Mr. Reagan will have to consult very closely with the Europeans as he goes along.

Then, like many strategic thinkers (including Pentagon officials) in the United States, the allies fear Europe might fare poorly if it is deprived of the nuclear forces that generations of Westerners have seen as compensating for Moscow's superior conventional forces. These alarms seem to have induced the administration, as it returns to Geneva, to edge back from some of the grander strategic proposals discussed in Iceland. The summit also made it urgent to reconsider the conventional arms balance in Europe. At Vienna on November 4, the latest Helsinki meeting begins. There Washington must blunt the expected Soviet attempt to remove all-European issues of human rights from this all-European forum. Further, it must devise the framework in which all the allies (including France) can enter talks on conventional forces and make them work. *With nuclear cuts, either Western conventional forces must* go up to match Moscow's advantages in forces-in-being and proximity, or Soviet forces must go down.

Mr. Gorbachev declares that the United States is "twisting" the results of Iceland. In the same breath he complains that while he came to Reykjavik *with fresh proposals,* Mr. Reagan *arrived "empty-handed."* But this is not the whole of it. Mr. Gorbachev went to Iceland announcing a modest purpose. Once there, he unveiled a strategy of surprise and tried to rush Mr. Reagan. Things moved fast — too fast, as is demonstrated by the continuing argument over whether the two agreed to destroy ballistic missiles or also other strategic offensive arms.

It may be thought an embarrassment now for Mr. Reagan to consolidate his policy at the more modest end of a scale marked, as its other end, by the extravagance of Reykjavik. But this would be a small and passing embarrassment and one far preferable to accepting a Soviet reading that it is not in the American interest. Mr. Gorbachev will have no difficulty understanding this, as he settles down.

# Don't Let This Chance Slip

By Shirley Williams
*Special to The Washington Post*

LONDON — As the president of a European political party with an unquestioned track record of support for the NATO alliance and of respect and admiration for the United States, let me plead with NATO's friends in the administration and Congress: Don't let the massive Reykjavik achievement slip through your hands.

If it does, the political cost will be incalculable. In the furor about *the siting of intermediate missiles* in Western Europe, cruise and Pershing, the consensus on defense between Europe's democratic political parties began to fragment. Today Labor, the largest opposition party in Britain, stands for the removal of U.S. nuclear bases, both for intermediate missiles and for bombers, and the abandoning of Britain's own nuclear deterrent, Polaris.

The SPD, West Germany's largest opposition party, and the Greens, its second largest, are moving in the same direction. These parties are ambiguous about whether they accept the U.S. nuclear umbrella: they would like to make a political gesture without paying the price in terms of *national security. What they will* not face up to is the potential fearsome repercussions on NATO and on U.S. public opinion of closing U.S. bases in Western *Europe, which are here for our* defense.

But the process of considering public opinion works both ways. European opinion has been impressed by the initiatives on disarmament of Mr. Gorbachev and Mr. Shevardnadze — for instance, the proposal to cut strategic missiles and the unilateral moratorium on nuclear testing have won them respect here. So has the steady trickle of freed dissidents, from Shcharansky and Goldfarb to the Christian poet Irina Ratushinskaya. The new Soviet leaders appear to be approachable, responsive and open. It seems to many of us in Europe that they are at least attempting to make substantial changes in the Soviet system, against strong resistance from its entrenched and privileged bureaucracy. That does not change *them into democrats or free-*marketeers. It does, however, mean we should not automatically reject their approaches.

In Reykjavik, President Reagan wisely did not do so. The two sides made almost unbelievable progress. There is now in place the framework of a 50 percent cut in strategic missiles, no longer hampered by arguments about precisely which missiles should bear those cuts. Both sides have come close to embracing the zero option on intermediate missiles, a propos*al so sweeping that some Europe*ans are asking whether they really want to go so far. Soviet acceptance of detailed verification procedures has opened the door to a threshold nuclear test ban, too, if not yet to a comprehensive one.

Yet all this is at risk from one obstacle: the point at which the Strategic Defense Initiative moves outside the laboratory into testing and deployment. Under the ABM treaty, narrowly interpreted — and no Western European government would accept the broad interpretation floated by some members of the U.S. administration — SDI is effectively consigned to the laboratory. The president was willing to keep it within the ABM treaty for 10 years, while the Soviet Union wants it constrained much longer.

Although the European leaders are publicly loyal, privately they are unhappy about SDI. Like many distinguished scientists, they doubt it will work, and even if it does, they believe it will enhance *the deterrent by protecting mis*siles, not supersede it by protecting whole populations. Both Margaret Thatcher and Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the West German foreign secretary, have made it absolutely clear that there should be no deployment of SDI without full consultation with the allies, and that its development should remain within the ABM Treaty. The issue Reykjavik broke down on is not an issue on which the United States and its allies are united. And that presents grave political dangers.

Five years' delay — the difference between what the president was willing to concede and what the general secretary wanted to achieve — on testing a highly *speculative piece of research seems* insignificant compared with the opportunity of a massive reduction in nuclear arms, the opportunity to divert resources in the West to improve conventional defenses, and a moratorium on extending the arms race into space. Those of us in Europe who support the Atlantic Alliance hope that the president will renew his efforts to save what he achieved in Reykjavik, and we hope that Congress will urge him to do so.

*(Shirley Williams is president of Britain's Social Democratic Party.)*

# More Blacks, Hispanics At Risk From AIDS

By Cristine Russell

BLACK and Hispanic people account for 4 out of 10 cases of AIDS in the United States and as individuals stand a much greater *risk of getting the fatal disease* than white Americans, according to the federal Centers for Disease Control.

"This issue has been largely unappreciated," said Dr. Harold Jaffe, chief of the agency's AIDS epidemiology program. "The stereotype of AIDS is that it's a disease of middle-class white men. That has prevented people from seeing it as also a minority health problem."

"Blacks and Hispanics are being disproportionately affected by the epidemic," he said. "In minority populations, *AIDS is a disease* particularly affecting male and female intravenous drug users, their sexual partners and their children."

*The report noted* that of the more than 24,500 cases of acquired immune deficiency syndrome reported in the United States in the last five years, about 6,200, or 25 percent, were black persons. About 3,500 or 14 percent, were Hispanic. Blacks compose only 12 percent and Hispanics 6 percent of the overall U.S. population. About two-thirds of all black and Hispanic AIDS cases were concentrated in New York, New Jersey and Florida, the study found.

Once they get AIDS, blacks and Hispanics may also die of the disease more quickly than whites, said Dr. Beny Primm, a black who heads the Addiction Research and Treatment Corp. in Brooklyn. He said that minority AIDS victims are often "debilitated when they come in, so bothered by so many health problems, wait so late to get help, and cannot get proper health care".

The new statistics show that among adult AIDS patients, the majority of cases are still among white homosexual and bisexual males. But looking at rates in ethnic terms, blacks and Hispanics are more than three times as likely as whites nationwide to get the disease.

There were also sexual differences. Men of all races account for over 90 percent of all known AIDS cases in the United States. Of more than 22,000 male AIDS patients, 37 percent were black or Hispanic.

But among the 1,600 women who have contracted AIDS, 70 percent have been black and Hispanic women, making them about 12 times more likely to get AIDS than white women.

In term of the risk of getting AIDS, the Centers for Disease Control found that homosexual or bisexual men with AIDS were predominantly white, while patients with a history of intravenous drug abuse or "heterosexual contact with persons at increased risk for acquiring AIDS" and those with unknown risk factors were predominantly black or Hispanic.

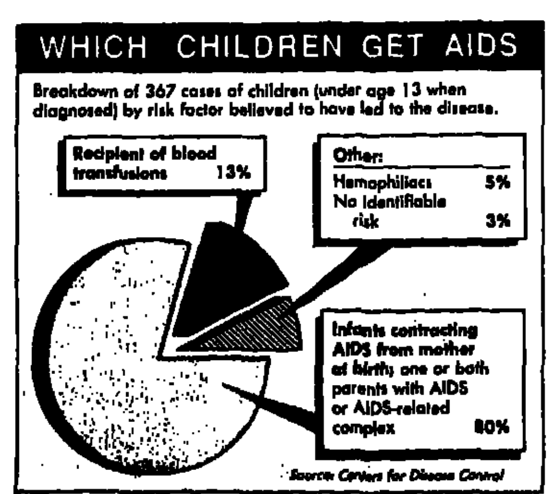
Minority children with AIDS have also been particularly hard hit. Of the 350 AIDS cases in children under 15, 58 percent have been black and 22 percent Hispanic.

The national incidence among black children is 15 times greater than that among whites, the agency said. Among Hispanics, it is 9 *times greater.*

Most of the children with AIDS acquired the disease before or during birth from mothers who were drug abusers, or whose sex partner was a drug abuser. The disease is spread through sexual contact and though the transmission of blood or other bodily fluids.

Both Dr. Jaffe and Dr. Primm emphasized the need for more recognition of the AIDS problem in minority communities and for education programs targeted to these communities.

"The black community," Dr. Primm said, "is in somewhat of a state of denial that this could necessarily be a problem for blacks. They haven't paid that much attention because of the two populations that are affected," namely homosexual men and drug abusers.




WHICH ADULTS GET AIDS

Breakdown of 26,199 AIDS cases by risk factor (or factors) believed to have led to the disease.

Intravenous drug users 17%
Gay or bisexual males who use intravenous drugs 8%
Other:
Heterosexuals 4%
Blood transfusions 2%
Hemophiliacs 1%
No identifiable risk 3%
Gay or bisexual males 66%
Source: Centers for Disease Control

Note: Figures add to 101% due to rounding

The Associated Press

The Washington Post

# Budapest 30 Years On

THE 30th anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution finds a general focus on a central irony. Janos Kadar, reviled then as Moscow's quisling for having summoned Soviet troops "to help our nation smash the sinister forces of reaction," is hailed now as patron of the most easygoing, high-living country in the Soviet empire.

It is a fair judgment, as long as you remember that communist rule in Hungary rests ultimately on force — Soviet force. Josef Stalin, the empire builder, had died in 1953, and Nikita Khrushchev had followed with the internal relaxation he felt necessary to avert an almost certain Soviet implosion. East Europe took its cue, and by October 23, 1965, crowds in Budapest (many democrats, a few fascists) were storming the secret police headquarters. The Kremlin hesitated, wondering for one thing whether the United States might aid the uprising. It regained its nerve instantly when Imre Nagy said he would make Hungary neutral — take it out of the bloc. Soviet tanks made the revolution a lasting metaphor for a people's noble but doomed resistance to Soviet power.

By 1964, nonetheless, Nikita Khruschchev was back in Budapest, insisting (within the context of his then-raging ideological battle with China) that Lenin himself knew that revolution was not enough. "We should have," he declared with a flourish, "more to eat — good goulash, schools, housing and ballet." This was the "goulash communism" by which the Kremlin hoped to appease discontent, adjust to the prevailing materialism and cynicism and restore its standing in Hungary and elsewhere.

Janos Kadar's goulash communism combines a bloc-leading measure of economic decentralization and the bloc's familiar measure of enforced one-party rule and political fidelity to Moscow — Hungarian troops helped crush the Czechs in 1968. This is how Janos Kadar, a Stalin-era police chief and the man who betrayed Imre Nagy to the Russians, comes to be seen in 1986 as a mellow senior statesman of Central Europe, wily in the ways of personal and national survival.

The 1956 revolution left Americans humbled by the courage of the Hungarian people, and guilt-stricken for having casually uttered words that were taken by Hungarians as a sign of Western deliverance to come, but that came to nothing. In the 30 years since, the United States has been careful to fit its encouragement of East European self-expression to the reality of Soviet dominance in the region. The lesson of the revolution was that for their preservation and progress, the peoples of the Soviet *bloc must rely first of all on themselves — on hope and on pressure and* on discretion too.

# UnAmerican Activity

THE U.S. government has nabbed another foreign journalist, locked her up for nearly a week, and then sent her packing. The government did not have to explain why it did this, except to state vaguely that the journalist was seized and expelled under provisions of immigration law that exclude aliens suspected of subversive, communist or terrorist activities.

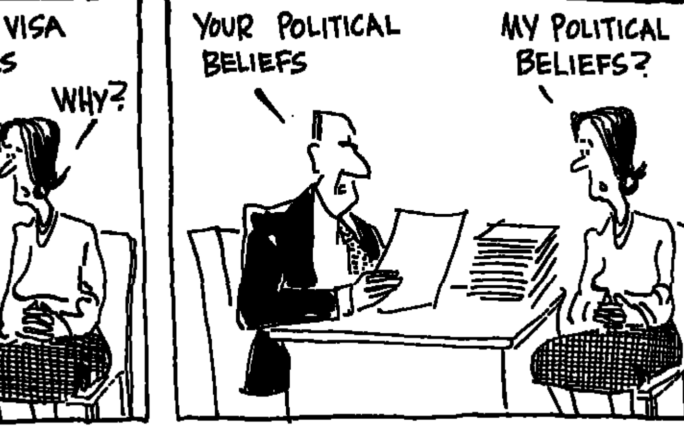
Patricia Lara of the Bogota newspaper Il Tiempo was detained Oct. 13 at Kennedy Airport in New York. She was coming to attend an award ceremony at the Columbia University School of Journalism, of which she is a graduate. It turned out that her name was in the Immigration and Naturalization Service's "lookout book" of aliens who are regarded as a danger by someone or other for some reason or other. That reason might be reasonable or ridiculous, but it is, in any event, as an INS spokesman put it, "classified and vital to national security," so don't even ask about it. Miss Lara had obtained a visa last year in Paris, apparently because someone neglected to look in the lookout book.

So she was detained until the INS decided to deport her. "Detained" is a polite word for being held against one's will. When she talked to reporters early in the week, she was wearing the yellow jumpsuit issued to people in such circumstances. By Thursday, according to her attorney, she was in blue prisoner's uniform, having been transferred to a maximum-security prison. On Friday she was deported to Colombia.

The government's mandate for such arbitrary acts comes from the 1952 McCarran-Walter Act. Recently a Belgian journalist returning to the United States, where he had worked for six years, was detained because officials did not like the looks of some leftist literature in his suitcase. That is the sort of thing that happens under this law. We remarked at that time that it is unworthy of a free country, and a national embarrassment. It is also arrogant.

The Colombian Embassy protested the denial of consular access to Miss Lara and asked that she be released to the ambassador's custody until her deportation. The request was denied. Americans would not like it if their countrymen were subjected to this sort of treatment abroad without even an explanation. Americans should seek changes in a law that allows their government to inflict such treatment on others.










# A Law Fit For A Police State

By Haynes Johnson

*Someone must have been telling lies about Joseph K., for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning . . .*
— Franz Kafka, "The Trial"

I DO not know whether that fictional scene from a novel written decades ago bears any resemblance to the factual case of a Colombian reporter who arrived in the United States last month and suddenly found herself in jail. I do know that everything about this case is reminiscent of a tale by Kafka.

It would appear to be classically un-American, too, except that it is not. It is all perfectly legal, and that is why this incident is so troubling.

Patricia Lara entered the United States with a legitimate passport and visa, then was seized, jailed and finally deported without being told the specific nature of her supposed offense. Whether lies were told about her or whether valid grounds existed for jailing and deporting her is unknown. The government will say only that "the information on which the expulsion was made is classified".

Miss Lara, her American lawyer, her country's ambassador, her friends and colleagues at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism whose invitation to an honors convocation she had accepted, have attempted to determine the facts. All have failed.

"We tried everything we could to secure her release," said Frederick Yu, acting dean of the journalism school, from which Miss Lara graduated in 1980. But no official explanation was forthcoming.

For reasons unknown, Miss Lara's name had been placed on an Immigration and Naturalization Service "lookout book", a catalogue of criminals and potentially dangerous or subversive persons.

She has written critically about Reagan administration policies in Central America, reported from Fidel Castro's Cuba and written a best-seller in Colombia about guerrilla movements there. Whether these played a part in what happened to her is uncertain.

The government will acknowledge only that Miss Lara was held and then deported under the authority of two broadly worded sections of the McCarran-Walter Act, passed 34 years ago during the height of McCarthy-era hysteria.

That law is an open invitation to police-state abuses of power made infamous in the past by writers such as Kafka and demonstrated anew by recent and current behavior in the Soviet Union. It ought to be changed.

Representative Barney Frank, Democrat of Massachusetts, one of the leading congressional proponents of revising the McCarran-Walter Act, calls the law "an outrage". He adds:

"I went to Russia with Yelena Bonner, and I remember standing there in a customs line getting frisked by a bunch of goons and thinking, thank God I don't live in a place like this. The law is a horror in several ways. It gives them authority to exclude people for ideological reasons, and it's the most arbitrary grant of power. It's also probably the worst written law in the world."

The McCarran-Walter law makes it impossible to know whether an individual has suffered a grave wrong or whether the government has acted properly to safeguard the nation's security. That is Kafkaesque and unworthy of a democratic society.

# Contras To Train In U.S.

By George C. Wilson

THE Reagan administration has tentatively decided to train Nicaraguan contra troops in the United States after Costa Rica, El Salvador and Honduras objected to use of their territory, according to U.S. officials.

The Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps have been directed to make detailed recommendations for suitable training sites in the United States, sources said. They have been told the site must be remote to minimize adverse publicity and citizen opposition.

Although Fort Benning in Columbus, Ga., has been used to train Salvadoran unit leaders and would be ideal in many respects, military sources said this site has too high a public profile. Air Force bases away from population centers are the leading candidates, officials said, although they would not specify which one is now at the top of the list.

The administration tried to persuade several Latin American governments to allow use of their territory, officials said, but ran into opposition. Governments did not want to invite retaliation from the Sandinista government of Nicaragua.

As U.S. military leaders concentrate on U.S. training sites, Gen. John R. Galvin, head of the Southern Command in Panama, which commands U.S. forces that move in and out of Latin America, is drafting a detailed military plan for making the best use of the $100 million in military and economic aid that Congress recently approved for the contras.

President Reagan signed the executive order on Friday that opened the way for the new flow of money to the 20,000 contras in Nicaragua. Under congressional restrictions, $70 million can go for military hardware, $27 million for medical supplies, food and other nonlethal aid, and $3 million for monitoring human-rights conditions.

The State Department will provide overall policy guidance for the contra program, the U.S. military will train contra unit commanders and the Central Intelligence Agency will support the contra operations at arm's length from outposts around Nicaragua.

# 'Comrades' Disrupt Classes

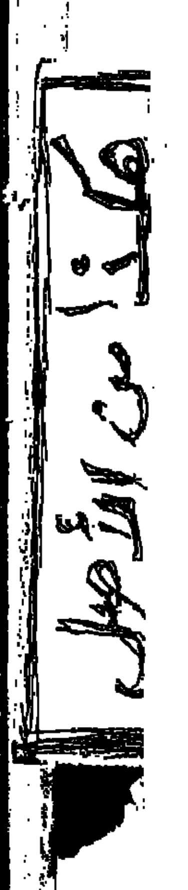
By William Claiborne

JOHANNESBURG — The crisis in black education in South Africa deepened last week as radical youths burst into classrooms on the first day of high school final examinations in the black township of Soweto and attacked students with whips, knives and iron bars and tore up their exam papers.

Several centers were attacked and an undetermined number of students were whipped by the radicals, according to community leaders and black South African reporters who were in Soweto. The radicals, who are commonly referred as the Comrades, are attempting to enforce a nationwide school boycott. The state Bureau of Information, the only authorized source of information about unrest and security operations, confirmed that youths "intimidated" pupils and tore up their examination books.

At the same time, PACE Commercial College in Soweto, an elite school founded seven years ago by American businessmen here, announced it was suspending its operations because of the education crisis and severe financial strains. A spokesman for the American Chamber of Commerce, which runs the college, said that PACE will remain closed "until such time as the community can come up with a future direction of the college."

The developments came as at least 80,000 students boycotted classes in schools in the black townships of Soweto and Alexandra, both on the fringes of Johannesburg; in the outlying Vaal Triangle industrial area, and the eastern Cape Province. The students are protesting new government moves to prevent political unrest at the schools, including the deployment of troops at some schools and the issuance of mandatory identification badges to thwart outside agitators.





# The Communist Killers Whose Minds Were Pure

*WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER: The Voices of Cambodia's Revolution and Its People. By Elizabeth Becker. Simon and Schuster. 502pp. $19.95.*

By William Broyles Jr.

OUR century has seen an abundance of evil. About Hitler's Holocaust we know a great deal; about Stalin's mass purges and the Soviet *gulag* we know considerably less; about the genocide the Khmer Rouge under Pol Pot wreaked on Cambodia a decade ago we know almost nothing.

After they came to power in 1975 the Communist Khmer Rouge set out to transform Cambodian society: The cities were emptied, families broken up, perhaps as many as two million of the country's seven million people were killed. The Khmer Rouge hid this horror from the rest of the world. When the Vietnamese occupied Cambodia in 1979, they opened the door slightly, but only if it served their purposes. And what little emerged seemed motiveless and incredible.

When The War Was Over, by Elizabeth Becker, a former reporter for *The Washington Post,* tells what happened, and why. Becker was in Cambodia for all three acts of its modern tragedy: She covered the war that led to the Khmer Rouge victory, she was one of two Western journalists allowed in to report on the Khmer Rouge regime and its leaders, and she returned to Cambodia after the Vietnamese drove out the Khmer Rouge. Her book is an impresive feat of scholarship and reporting: intelligent, measured, resourceful, and — I do not say this lightly — courageous.

Its pages are filled with Cambodians, from peasants to bankers, from the leaders and fuctionaries of the Khmer Rouge to its few surviving victims. Becker knows how the Khmer Rouge "paradise" looked, felt, smelled — a land where workers could not rest, children could not play, faces "could not smile" and the innocent could not survive. And she saw the horror firsthand: Only a few hours after she interviewed Pol Pot, one of her two companions was brutally murdered in the room next to hers, on order of the Khmer Rouge.

When the magnitude of the genocide in Cambodia first began to be revealed, the blame fell on external forces: the legacy of the French colonial system, the American bombing campaign during the Vietnam war, and the historic determination of the Vietnamese to dominate Cambodia.

Becker explores each of these possibilities carefully, and is particularly effective in tracing the modern history of Vietnam after the fall of Saigon. She concludes that these external forces, as powerful as they were, did not cause the horror.

"While the United States and Vietnam do share responsibility for much of Cambodia's sorrows, ultimately Cambodians were the victims of their own leaders and their own traditions and history . . . It was no accident that the Khmer Rouge chose the most radical of communist models. . . . They were the heirs of the worst in Cambodia's past."

If Becker is right, then it would be easy to wash our hands of the Khmer Rouge as a peculiarly Cambodian aberration. In fact, as her own excellent research shows, the Khmer Rouge grafted on to Cambodia's history the same fashionable left ideas about revolution and violence that were current in American campuses in the 1960s.

But in Cambodia the slogans about the cleansing effect of revolutionary violence made popular by Franz Fanon and Herbert Marcuse weren't just words in a classroom; they made legitimate the massacre of men, women and children in the name of the future.

The romantic ideas of the West played a crucial role in making the Khmer Rouge such a powerful engine for killing. Pol Pot and Ieng Sary, the principal leaders of the Khmer Rouge, were students together in Paris after World War II. They married sisters; infused with the Marxist ideology of the Paris cafes and garrets, they determined to transform Cambodia.

Becker lets us almost taste these young Cambodians' intoxication with ideas, the intellectual passion of correcting the mistakes of the past, sweeping away illusion, building a perfect world. It is all strangely like the accounts of Hitler developing his mad vision in the beer halls of Munich.

Again and again in their revolution the image of purifying appears. A Chinese diplomat who served in Phnom Penh told Becker, "My strongest impression was how perfectly they kept the city. It was absolutely clean all the time." Becker herself noticed that the Khmer Rouge leaders "had an eerie habit of speaking so softly in conversation that they could barely be heard. . . . They were always as clean and manicured as the situation allowed." Pol Pot exhorted his followers to build a "clean, pure" revolution. Even the torturers in the central prison at Tuol Seng were instructed that when they finished their work "both the calligraphy for the confession and the paper must be clean."

Perhaps the most civilised idea ever developed in the West — and one no tyrant can abide — is that the individual has rights which limit the power of the state. But no individual could be more important than the Communist Party; it is the engine of history. Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge embraced that idea with religious fervour: if one individual must be sacrificed for the good of the party, why not a hundred thousand, why not a million? There is no end.

Since it has no legitimacy other than its own power, such a regime must always defend itself from "enemies." First the Khmer Rouge set out to destroy the class enemies of the revolution, by which they meant anyone who could read, wore glasses, had a profession, owned a house or a plot of land — or who simply got in the way. Then, two years later, the flame turned on the party itself: "traitors" were everywhere. The Khmer Rouge leader who had forced the "confession" by which such executions were made legitimate were forced to "confess" themselves.

The whole process is not new; it is exactly that of the Stalin show trials documented so well in Arthur Koestler's Darkness at Noon. The condemned go to their death praising the party and mouthing the slogans that kill them. The language they speak is chilling. Suddenly, a Khmer Rouge official no longer has an "acceptable biography"; a "life struggle" session is no longer "sufficient." He has become "contemptible"; to kill him "glorifies" the party. By 1977, Becker writes, the secret police headquarters at Tuol Seng was "killing more officials of the communist regime than of the former society."

Reading Becker's book one is awestruck at the power of the mind over reality — as when, in the midst of ordering the deaths of millions of people, the Khmer Rouge commands the population to double in two decades. A delegation from the American Communist Party visited the new paradise, and expressed great enthusiasm for the "successes" of the revolution. Their spokesman, Dan Burstein — his name should not go unmentioned — insisted that "the genocide myth is being fabricated." He and the Khmer Rouge spoke the same language.

What is most terrifying is the equanimity of the Khmer Rouge as they went about their work. Pol Pot is no Hitler screaming and pounding the table in fits of rage, or a Stalin angry and paranoid. He is well-read, educated, and he sits quietly, his voice soft, his face calm, unmoved by the winds of death blowing around him. His mind is at peace. Clean. Pure. The future is with him.

Thanks to Becker the horror such men can create is no longer a mystery. Her book lacks the literary power of Solzhenitsyn's Gulag volumes and the psychological insight of Alan Bullock's Hitler: A Study of Tyranny, but it ranks with those books in unveiling the workings of a whole system of evil and the people who conceived and operated it. Her task is the more impressive since the Nazis grew out of a culture and a civilization we knew and built their mutant from familiar folklore, music, and philosophy. The Khmer Rouge have always seemed alien, different, unknowable.

No longer. And what Becker shows us is that they too grew out of the civilized world of the West, and that their evil was closer to us than we could ever have believed.

That her book is so important makes its occasional lapses at once excusable and irritating. Becker has a habit of telling the reader how to think. One Cambodian survivor, Komphot, can't have a simple notion without Becker telling us he "thought" or "mistakenly thought" this or that. We never know who is telling his story: is it him, Becker, or Becker's idea of him? and are the thoughts and descriptions his or hers? Instead of letting Komphot and her other Cambodian witnesses tell us directly of the confusion, the pain, the shock, and the horror, Becker tends to herd the reader along, and the emotions are muffled.

And at times Becker is done in by the sheer enormity of her tale. Words literally fail her. What good is it to label Pol Pot's experiment "disastrous" or his attempt to return "obscene"? Of course they were, but they were far, far worse, as Becker's otherwise restrained and telling narrative indelibly shows us. The adjectives she uses to convey moral outrage diminish, rather than illumine, what happened. Cutting a few dozen of them would have strengthened the book.

It would also have prevented such full stops as when she writes that "all three countries — Vietnam, Cambodia and China — had suffered from American treachery and aggression" China? American "treachery" and "aggression"? Perhaps in her mind the words carry a clear meaning; the reader is simply baffled. What on earth is she talking about?

But these are a reviewer's small quibbles. When The War Was Over burns with its own fire, the fire of a dedicated writer who witnessed the incomprehensible and worked long and hard to comprehend it. It is indispensible for understanding our times and the noble and terrible sides of modern man. It is a powerful and important book.

# The Great Days Of American Statesmanship

Philip Geyelin

TO HAVE been young and working in Washington as a newspaper reporter in the post-war years was, as Hemingway once said of Paris, a "movable feast."

The sense of having borne witness to a golden age in the conduct of American national security affairs stay with you over the years. It conditions what you think of everything and every public figure that follows. It establishes a standard against which poorer policies and lesser policy-makers are measured and almost invariably found sadly wanting — so much so that *you begin to wonder whether* nostalgia isn't playing you false.

It isn't, alas. You can chalk it up to whatever you like: a collapse of public confidence in institutions; the cheapening of statecraft and statesmen by the information revolution; *weariness or wariness* (the Vietnam syndrome); an inward-turning preoccupation with material things and private gains.

But you cannot escape the clear message of a new book, "The Wise Men: Six Friends and the World They Made." Something of great value, something too complex to be captured in catchwords like honor, duty, country, has somehow leached out of the traditional planting grounds of national security policy.

Those of us of a certain age will find in this book a richly anecdotal trip down memory lane. Younger people who may think that the contemporary conduct of international affairs is more or less the way it has always been done will find themselves on a monumental voyage of discovery — monumental in its scope and concept, and also in its ambition.

That the reach of "The Wise Men" exceeds its graps is forgivable. In the way that co-authors Walter Isaacson and Evan Thomas have chosen to tell their story, they have almost necessarily bitten off more than they can chew.

What they have bitten off is *really six biographies, each one of* which could have been the subject of a useful volume. Instead, the lives of Dean Acheson, Averell Harriman, Robert Lovett, John McCloy, Charles Bohlen and George Kennan have been *interwoven, too often artificially* and in a way that tends to trivialize the central point about "the world they made" with their concept of "Communist containment," the Truman doctrine, and the Marshall Plan ("their purest *and greatest achievement*").

The labels and the stereotypes attached to them (Ivy League, Wall Street, the Establishment, secret societies, at college and exclusive clubs in later life, inherited wealth) link one to another or perhaps *apply to several, but can* by no means be stretched to fit all six. And so a few too many words are wasted on what strike me as superficial linkages.

Mr. Harriman and Mr. Lovett, for example, were cut, in a sense, from the same cloth. But Mr. McCloy was a poor boy from Philadelphia, and Mr. Kennan "an insecure boy from Milwaukee." Mr. Bolen was born with "social graces" and Mr. Acheson was the son of an Episcopalian bishop. That they all wound up as card-carrying members of the postwar policy-making establishment, along with many others (George Marshall, James Forrestal, Paul Nitze or Llewellyn Thompson might as easily have been chosen), was due less to some common denominator of privilege, elitism or intellect than to a shared sense of what public service is all about.

There lies the central point. It is *not that these* two bankers, two lawyers and two foreign-service career officers and Soviet specialists "did not have to worry too much about the daily chore of child care, or about their wives' careers or about paying the mortgage," *although that*, as the authors note, was their good fortune. It was that while they relished government service, they did not "crave it merely to possess it."

Mr. Lovett and Mr. McCloy probably turned down more public *offices than they accepted.* Mr. Harriman was on Harry Truman's short list of two; before losing out to Dean Acheson for secretary of state; yet he loyally accepted the lesser post of White House national security adviser when Mr. Truman asked him to "help Dean, he's in trouble."

"In contrast to the grim careerists who now populate the official bureaucracy, or the grasping opportunists who value a sub-cabinet post primarily as a springboard to a lucrative job with a government contractor," the authors note "the amateurs of the old postwar Establishment actually seemed to enjoy their work."

In their painstaking excavation of postwar policy-making, the authors have turned up some other distinguishing common characteristics of the "wise men." As pragmatists "they were not primarily worried about Marxism or Communist ideology," Messrs. Isaacson and Thomas argue. "What they sought to contain was the spread of Russian domination. They would likely have reacted the same way if the xenophobic and expansionist empire at issue was still czarist rather than Bolshevik."

Making no neat distinctions between one or another form of oppression, they shared "an abhorrence of the imposition of totalitarian systems on people yearning to live freely." Yet their "businessman" approach to the Soviet Union as a "competitor" inclined them to seek a "realistic modus vivendi," to accept limits on American power, to recognize "spheres of influence."

The authors freely concede that history's judgement on the "wise men" will be mixed. In their zeal to build a consensus for a grand new concept of America's role in the world, a case can be made that they "left a costly legacy for successors who were neither as pragmatic nor as flexible when it came to balancing commitments with resources" — that "the men of the establishment sowed the seeds of both the Vietnam War and, ultimately, their own undoing."

The interweaving of these six remarkable lives may not have produced a seamless web; it is more of a patchwork quilt. But the design and the patterns are plain to see: The six shared the loyalty *not to presidents but to the presidency*: the sense of themselves "not as public figures but as public servants"; the selflessness in times of crisis.

The author's conclusion: "There certainly does *not now exist*, and may never again, a breed of statemen with the same synergism, the talent to work together in a way that transcends their contribution as individuals." If you care about the conduct of American national *security affairs*, look about you as you read this book and weep.







# A modern morality

**CINEMA by Derek Malcolm**

ROLAND JOFFE'S The Mission won the grand prize at Cannes. But the film seems less of a cultural or political lesson than a simple morality play. Robert Bolt wrote it, and it clearly seeks to combine the kind of arguments which sustained A Man For All Seasons with the cinematic bravura of something like Apocalypse Now.

The protagonists in this mid-18th century Latin American power struggle are clearly defined and, compared to its spectacular backdrop, inevitably a little one-dimensional. They are a former slave-trader and mercenary whose crisis of conscience turns him into a Jesuit (Mendoza: Robert De Niro), the gentle priest who has befriended and converted him (Gabriel: Jeremy Irons) and the papal nuncio sent to adjudicate between the Spanish and Portuguese colonists and the Jesuits, whose missions for the Indians are bitterly resented (Altamirano: Ray McAnally).

Under a treaty which readjusts colonial territories, the missions pass from the jurisdiction of Spain to that of Portugal, and the nuncio, opposed by both priests, reluctantly decides that it is in the Order's best long-term interests to surrender the missions to the slave-trading Portuguese. The other central characters are, of course, the Guarani Indians, who under the leadership of Mendoza, defend their mission to the death.



*Indians on the attack in The Mission*

Joffe's film is a liberal and humanist appraisal — part history and part fiction — of this central situation. This, as David Puttnam, the producer, has said, is not an art film but an expensive epic designed to be seen by millions of ordinary film-goers.

And it isn't the first time that liberties have been taken in the effort to extract from history the kind of themes and personal conflict that can be easily grasped by the maximum number of people, while still illuminating some kind of central truth. The question is whether or not The Mission succeeds on its simplified level. My own view is ambivalent.

The film is really two in one — the first presents Mendoza's hard-won conversion, and the second details the dilemma both priests face when the nuncio arrives and eventually pronounces. Less time spent on the first might have made the second stronger.

Even so, Joffe's work has a force and commitment about it that renders most other epics of the year pale by comparison, including Out Of Africa. There also seems no question that the film is superbly shot by Chris Menges, who is certainly one of the finest cinematographers in the world.

The acting is more problematic. De Niro looks fundamentally ill at ease away from his urban base, though still producing a performance of considerable power, while Irons has intensity and skill but less of that commodity. The one obvious triumph is that of McAnally as Altamirano, the man whose decision is so tragically inevitable.

The Mission, like most of Puttnam's films, tries to be all things to all men — and that may be its central flaw. But it still goes further than most epics to illustrate a general truth about exploitation down the centuries. It is emphatically not history a la Cecil B. DeMille, and it has to be said that of all the films of its scale this year it can be accounted easily the best.

# In the bazaar

**By Martin Walker in Moscow**

WE WERE serenaded by a military brass band as we went shopping the other day in one of the temporary village bazaars that have started to spring up in Moscow squares. We were unlucky — had we got there an hour earlier, we could have watched some acrobats and street theatre.

This was not one of the free markets where the peasants sell produce from their private plots at high prices. This was something new, a collection of gaily painted stalls, some designed in wig-wam shape, and some like the old Russian huts, selling fruit and vegetables at the controlled state prices.

This summer and autumn, there have been few shortages. And because these new bazaars are made up of a number of stalls, there is no single long queue of the kind that makes the state shops so depressing.

Something rather dramatic has evidently happened to the distribution system. This summer, you could buy tomatoes in the state shops and in the new bazaars at 30 kopeks (30 pence). In previous years, they were 50 kopeks — when you could find them — or you went and paid by the rouble at the free market.

Aubergines are down to 50 kopeks a kilo. You can find water-melons and plump grapes, and even the homely onions and garlic seem to have taken a quantum leap in quality.

As well as these fruit and vegetable bazaars, the state suppliers have started to sell fresh produce from the backs of lorries parked just outside the free markets, and undercutting them in price. These trucks, with their number plates from Baku, Georgia, and the deep south, are coming directly from the collective farms to the Moscow consumer.

This is new, and so are the advertisements in the Moscow papers that say "Attention housewives" and listing where the lorries will be, what they will sell, and at what price.

The takings at the free market have been falling sharply and the prices have started to come down too, except for items like parsley, radishes, greens and fresh pickles where the state system has not yet begun to compete.

I remember writing at the time of the party congress last March that we should see this summer whether the Gorbachev reforms to let the collective farmers sell their surplus produce were beginning to work. In Moscow, at least, the signs are more than promising.

But it took more than just this permission to make the system work. In Moscow, it took a series of measures by the energetic new party chieftain, Boris Yeltsyn. First, there was the massive corruption trial of most of the hierarchy of the city's trading department. Then he called in the new managers, harangued them about full warehouses while the shops were empty. And told them to shift the goods or he would bring down the whole of the party committee to help them load the lorries.

Then he ordered the construction of these village bazaars, and insisted that they look attractive to the consumers. Hence the gay colours and the stages for street theatre. And he told them to challenge the stiff prices of the free markets by undercutting them at the market gates.

Now all of this may prove to be short-lived, and this winter we may get back to grim normality. And I have yet to learn whether this initiative is being repeated in other cities, but at least this year it has made Moscow a more pleasant place to live in.

But it has not stopped the grumbles. Another innovation is a series of new cooperative shops, known as the commercial stores, where high-quality foodstuffs can be bought for prices that are set midway between the subsidised state shops and the free markets.

What this means in effect is that the price of *kolbasa*, or good meat sausage, has nearly doubled to 11 roubles. You cannot find real *kolbasa* in the state stores, only in the commercial places.

But in Moscow, still pleasantly surprised by seeing the state show a flair for retailing, the Gorbachev reforms are starting to pay off.

Venus and Mercury by Poussin

# Language of the heart

**By Waldemar Januszczak**

IS Nicolas Poussin in or out of fashion? A silly question, I know, but one always worth asking for the light it throws on contemporary society. Favoured artists inevitably reflect a society's ideals back on itself.

And Poussin's popularity has gone up and down like a wine-goblet at one of his own Bacchanals. His contemporaries were the first to see him as a model of single-mindedness, the famous *"peintre philosophe,"* in whom reason triumphed over emotion. The great Bernini himself is said to have tapped his forehead and muttered: "Signor Poussin is a painter who works up here."

When David and the Neo-Classicists sent the frivolous rococo age to the aesthetic guillotine it was the supreme intellectual classicist, Poussin, who became their mentor. "His imagination was never misled by chance ideas," explained an early biographer, Gault de Saint-Germain in 1806.

When Cezanne wanted to turn flighty, sensuous Impressionism into "an art of the museums" he turned naturally to Poussin for guidance. "I want to do Poussin over again from nature," insisted the sage of Aix.

This then is the image Poussin has been saddled with from the beginning, the learned, purposeful, intelligent classicist, with the unmentioned coda that he was not perhaps the most naturally gifted of artists and that sheer determination brought him greatness.

(There is I think a fascinating irony about the fact that the world's greatest Poussinologist should have been Anthony Blunt. No other indisputably great painter encourages so much self-control in the writer. No other indisputably great painter can be written about with so little involvement and emotion.)

But finally, to answer my first question, no I do not think that Nicolas Poussin is currently in fashion. He sits there in the middle of the 17th century like some crusty old schoolmaster who insists that his pupils study Aristotle and read Ovid. The Roy Strong generation has no room in its frilly boudoir for an artist who stands for that much self-discipline.

And yet the super-stoic Poussin is clearly another art-historical invention, re-invented every time there is a puritan backlash. That point is made in a small Poussin exhibition at London's most perfect art gallery, Dulwich.

The gallery has long owned a fragment of a largish Poussin showing Venus and Mercury with two squabbling putti at their feet. The Louvre has long owned a fragment showing an informal music party enjoyed by five more naked bambini. It has long been recognised that the two fragments belong together and Dulwich has mounted them side by side for comparison, completion and fruitless discussion as to why they were separated in the first place (the answer surely is for profit, a pair of Poussins being worth more than one).

The two parts of the same Poussin appear in the first of the gallery's Painting in Context exhibitions, surrounded by explanatory material, technical reports and, most importantly of all, other Poussins, notably from Dulwich's own splendid selection. A drawing of the Louvre fragment by Cezanne is reproduced in the catalogue but unfortunately not included here.



Poussin by Poussin

Tearing our eyes away from Dulwich's other, superior Poussins, to examine the scruffy, divided Venus and Mercury we soon see a painting of real sensuality. A naked Venus (given a prudish figleaf in one of the adjacent prints of the subject) stretches out under a tree and tickles her cheek with some roses.

Mercury possesses a typically creamy baroque body which, judging by the prints and copies in the show, seems to have lost some muscle-definition between 1626 and now. The flabby Mercury points to the two putti, Eros and Anteros, wrestling on the ground, one representing earthly pleasures the other the virtuous pursuit of beauty and the arts. Virtue is winning, and the attendant bambini in the Louvre fragment are here to crown him victor. To appeal directly to modern tastes the battle would, of course, have had to go the other way.

But the real winner in both these pictures is a soft, poetic, pleasurable mood which Poussin transcribed from the Venetians and which marks him down from the start as a dreamer. The severity of his later work is not even hinted at. Poussin's intellect may have willed Anteros to win in the end but the way he selects Venus's golden flesh tones, the wonderful still-life details of musical instruments, the secretive landscape show him listening for the moment to his heart.

On this evidence alone Poussin can never have been guilty of that tough, intellectual, classicist precision which has stood for so long between him and mere mortals. Nevertheless when puritan tastes re-assert themselves, as they surely must soon, I expect the false image of Poussin to be press-ganged into service on the side of the Roundheads just as the false image of Caravaggio is currently being employed by our Cavaliers.

• *Poussin in Context, Dulwich Picture Gallery until January.*

# Perfect recall

**By Tim Radford**

*BETWEEN THE WOODS AND THE WATER, by Patrick Leigh Fermor (John Murray, £13.95).*

IN 1977 we left our hero on a bridge over the Danube, between Slovakia and Hungary. He was just 19. The year was 1934. The narrative was an account of a journey — on foot and on about £1 a week — from London through the Low Countries, Nazi Germany, and Austria towards Constantinople. The hero-narrator was Leigh Fermor himself, and the book was A Time of Gifts.

Forty-three years seems a long time to wait for a journey's chronicle; nine years seems an even longer time to wait for the second instalment, especially of a masterpiece. In this latest book Leigh Fermor steps off the bridge into the town of Esztergom and into a different rhythm.

Then it had been hard walking, some hunger, some brownshirts and dark winter; now begins the journey and periods of long and golden stasis. He steps from the bridge with an introduction to the Mayor of Esztergom and finds himself on Holy Saturday made welcome by a gorgeously dressed man with a monocle and scimitar who enfolds the young, untidy tramp in the scarlet pews in the Cathedral. "I kept wondering if all Hungary was to be like this."

It was, and Romania too. He sticks to his determination to walk, rather than to accept lifts, but he is in the hands of the Hungarians, who treat him with instant, affectionate generosity, who hand him from Schloss to manor house, who pour him Tokay into cut glass goblets, who provide him with horses, who introduce him to girls, who gleefuly connive in his fleeting love affair with a young married woman, who lend him formal clothes, who feed and entertain and educate him — often in English.

Thus he arrives at a great house, to be welcomed by a count with the question: "Have you ever played bike polo?" He stays with a scholar who breeds wheat, and with an entomologist whose second sentence is "Come and sit ye doon." (This last refers to an invalid mother as "not feeling quite the thing.")

He revels to the music of czembalom and bone flute and frolics to gramophone records of Every Little Breeze Seems To Whisper Louise, he plays skittles in Latin with a Franciscan monk, he eats smoked pork with Magyar swineherds, and cornmeal porridge with Transylvanian shepherds whom he first hears swearing the oath "Mama Dracului" — mother of the devil — and a rabbi in a logging camp sings him Tell It Not In Gath in Hebrew. He shares a pot with the Gypsies, "beautiful girls flounced and bedraggled in green and yellow and magenta."

At the close of the book, at the Iron Gates, on an island which was Turkish terrain until 1878; he takes coffee and rose petal jam with his first Muslims. "Raven-fed, like Elija," he says "I was no longer surprised but I never stopped rejoicing."

Nor did he stop learning. Through the pages ride the Mongols, the Krim and Bessarab Tatars, the Gepids, Huns, Vandals, Avars and Magyars, the Swabians and the Saxons who to this day live in the Carpathians and speak Old German. There is Vlad the Impaler, Suleiman the Magnificent, the figures of Romance — the fiendish monocled swordsmen, the mad noblemen, the boyars, hospodars, kings, voivodes and cardinals, all the paladins of the West — together with water buffaloes, wolves and bears, and even the elephant that in 820 AD, Harun al-Rashid sent overland as a gift to Charlemagne.

Above all, there are the places, their excitement sparingly but marvellously distilled by the memory; the cathedral-like forests of Transylvania, the towns like settings for 19th century melodrama, the mountains, the Danube, and the plain, where he accepts a glass of milk from a woman and her daughter and "I sipped it slowly and thought: 'I'm drinking this glass of milk on a chestnut horse on the Great Hungarian Plain'."

In the course of this instalment, Leigh Fermor occasionally apologises for gaps, for people and sequences forgotten, and refers to journals lost and rediscovered, as if to anticipate suggestions that art may be providing what the memory can no longer surrender.



Patrick Leigh-Fermor

No such suggestion is made here. This is a book of Perfect Recall. It recalls perfectly what it is like to be young, when it is forever summer, and to have stumbled upon sublime things for the first time. "The charms of this place and its inhabitants," he says at one point, "sound unrelievedly and improbably perfect. I am aware of this but I can only set it down as it struck me."

There are of course two narrators at work, just as there were in The Travels of Marco Polo, which were told by Marco Il Millione to one Rustichello, who kept cheering the narrative along with Crusader tales. Here too, the old scholar burnishes the memories of the young remembrancer so that the story of a walk across Europe is accompanied by the song of all Christendom.

Not for nothing does he keep calling his destination not Instanbul nor even Stamboul but Constantinople or occasionally Byzantium. He is treading not just the topography of a continent but also the contours of time, noting, for instance the Turks "commemorated here and there by a minaret left in their lost possessions like a spear stuck in the ground" and remarking that in Romania Genghis Khan's horde "destroyed everything that was destructible, and, incidentally with unerring thoroughness, wiped out every fragment of historical evidence from the previous thousand years as well."

Hitler is mentioned, and casts a cold shadow, but only for a paragraph or two. Our hero is, after all, 19, and having the time of his life. And so, in his company, are we.

Meanwhile, I can diffidently confirm that Transylvania is just as beautiful as he describes it and that this book is as indescribably rich and beautiful as the first. And that there is another episode to come.



# Booker Prize goes to Kingsley Amis

**By W. L. Webb**

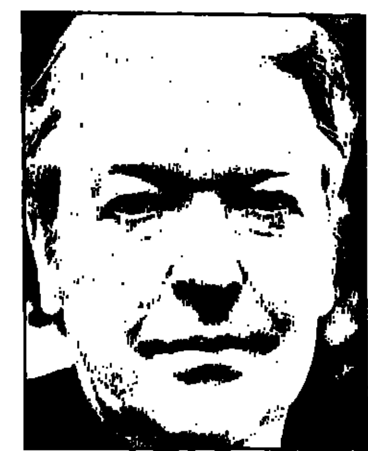
SO THE old devil made it after all: Kingsley Amis has won this year's £15,000 Booker Prize for fiction with his sixteenth novel, The Old Devils.

The word from the judges' room was that it got down to a close-run thing between Amis's novel and What's Bred in the Bone, by Robertson Davies, one of the two Canadians in this year's shortlist.

But in the end Amis's hilarious comedy about the pains and perils of growing old — a tale for which the expression "painfully funny" might have been fresh minted — upset the usual Booker form, in which Ladbroke's favourites so rarely win.

It is a choice which increases one's respect for this panel of judges, Anthony Thwaite, Edna Healey, Isabel Quigly, Gillian Reynolds and Bernice Rubens. This shortlist was one of the best I can remember: any one of their other novels, by Margaret Atwood, Paul Bailey, Kazua Ishiguro, and Timothy Mo, would have been a respectable winner in most years.

Even better, this predominantly-female jury didn't let the quite bitter misogyny of some of Amis's later novels prevent them from seeing that The Old Devils was not just a brilliant comeback by an author who hasn't exactly been the glass of fashion for some years now, but is simply the best of these six good books.



Kingsley Amis

The sourness of things in Jake's Thing and Stanley And The Women has gone; even the rantings against The New in most of its forms, and all "the nauseous fruits of affluence" comes out here as great comic cadenzas of well-directed abuse and self-mockery. (There's a particularly fine fugue on The Rape of the Pub.)

"Alun's life," one of his old devils reflects, "was coming to consist more and more exclusively of being told at dictation speed what he already knew." That's the tone of this good novel which shows you how to grow old not gracefully but in a kind of rueful good order. At the prize-giving Mr Amis said: "I used to say to myself and others that the Booker Prize was a bit artificial, but I have changed my mind in the last 15 minutes. Now I feel it is a wonderful indication of literary merit."

## Warm Wales

**By Stanley Reynolds**

*THE OLD DEVILS, by Kingsley Amis (Hutchinson, £9.95).*

THERE is so much soaking of pints and general guzzling of all sorts in Kingsley Amis's new novel that I found myself nervously consulting my watch to see if they were still open. That, I reckon, is a tribute to Mr Amis's vivid writing.

The Old Devils of the title are a group of drinking pals. They are old men, retired, at an age when "all of a sudden the evening starts starting after breakfast" and, Mr Amis says, there is no real reason for staying sober.

The Old Devils is about Wales and how she has changed since the war and about Welshmen and how they have not changed. His targets are the prim and proper lace curtain Welsh and — an old Amis target — the bogus stage Welshman. This is Mr Amis having another go at Dylan Thomas, here called Brydan and making an appearance as a statue only — he is the late Brydan.

The hero, whom the action centres on, is sub-Dylan, a professional Welshman born Alan who has changed it to Alun and has made a nice living being Welsh on the telly in London. He decides to return to his roots, and comes to live in Wales with his still beautiful wife.

The best parts of the book are the comic scenes, with the old men crabbing on about how awful the tarted up pubs are — it comes as a surprise to them that this is not an English plot, that England has her pubs tarted up as well.

Mr Amis does this Welsh comic business very well, the book crackling with marvellous taff comedy: "You can say a lot against the chapel but at least it kept them (homosexuals) down. And I reckon everybody being poor helped. They couldn't dress up or anything" — " 'Yes, Darren's a North Walian,' said Emrys in the unshocked tone he might have used to announce that the lad was a soccer-player or a Roman Catholic" — "If you ask me, all the proper Welshmen are leaving Wales." "I say, are they really? Well, that's splendid news, George."

Now Mr Amis has a, perhaps well earned, reputation for male chauvinism. It is not in evidence here; indeed the female characters, although not much soberer than the men, are drawn with warmth, particularly Rhiannon, the wise wife of the bogus Welshman Alun. There is much warmth, too, about old Wales, the country of rain-soaked cobbled streets and dirty pubs, before it was "Americanised."

This is the lost Wales Mr Amis loves, not the bogus Wales of Alun's poetry and TV shows full of cute characters "on display like quaint objects in a souvenir shop." This is probably Mr Amis's best book since Lucky Jim.

# *Failure in a league of its own*

**By Kenneth O. Morgan**

*ANTHONY EDEN, by Robert Rhodes James (Weidenfeld, £16.95).*

ANTHONY EDEN'S career was the supreme personal tragedy of post-war British politics. In his younger days, he established a rare charisma as the *jeune premier* of the League of Nations at Geneva, who apparently resigned as Foreign Secretary in protest at Britain's failure to stand up to the European dictators. During the war, he emerged as an international diplomat of the first rank. After 1951, he was not only Churchill's obvious heir-apparent, but a Foreign Secretary of distinguished achievement.

Then came his brief and inglorious premiership, and with it the utter debacle and national humiliation of Suez. Eden's reputation, especially in his chosen field of foreign affairs, was totally discredited. There had been no real recovery. Eden had been raised up and struck down with classical finality.

It is a pathetic story. There is much private sadness to record, too —the shattering impact of the carnage of the trenches during his service at the front; much family bickering, largely provoked by his mad mother; the prolonged ordeal of his first marriage which ended in divorce; the devastating news of his older son's death in an air crash during the 1945 election; frequent, serious ill-health, including a near-fatal operation mishandled by the surgeon in 1953. For all his debonair, film-star image, poor Anthony Eden was seldom a happy man.

This extraordinary story is most admirably recounted in this official biography by Robert Rhodes James, MP, a distinguished historian now lost to "wet" Tory politics. In the past, he has written fine studies of Lords Randolph Churchill and Rosebery. He now invests Eden's life with a refined sense of late-Victorian consumptive melancholy.

He has rightly been given access to the 1956 public records, in advance of the 30-year-rule, which adds depth to his analysis (and which makes it deplorable that the publishers should provide neither citations of sources nor a proper bibliography). Rhodes James's impartiality does slip occasionally, especially in dealing with Labour personalities, but in general this is a finely-wrought contribution to historical literature, fairminded, restrained and full of wistful, autumnal pathos, like its unhappy subject.

From his entry into politics in the twenties, Eden's reputation was based on his skills in foreign affairs. He cut a fine figure at the League. After the Hoare-Laval pact, he became Foreign Secretary at the youthful age of 38. There followed repeated clashes with Chamberlain, and Eden's dramatic resignation in February 1938.



How far he was a resolute opponent of appeasement is open to debate: Alan Taylor has written that Eden did not "face" the dictators, but only "pulled faces at them." The grounds for his original breach with Chamberlain concerned an exceptionally vague American proposal for an international initiative to explore a European settlement. Rhodes James does not make clear the fatuity of Roosevelt's proposal, the work of a leading appeaser. Nor did Eden try to mobilise national opinion against the government in 1938-39. His speech after Munich was a tepid one, while he and Churchill kept their distance from one another. No "filial relationship" here.

During the war, however, he rebuilt his international position in allied wartime conferences, even though their general drift (especially Yalta) alarmed him. At the Foreign Office for the third time in 1951-5, despite much personal difficulty with Churchill and his yearning for summitry, Eden was in many ways at his best.

His *annus mirabilis* was in 1954, which brought satisfactory settlements in Iran and Egypt, over western European defence, and above all in the Geneva conference where he prevailed over trigger-happy Americans and helped restore peace to south-east Asia at least for a short time. He became Prime Minister amidst general acclaim.

Ironically, it was foreign affairs which proved his downfall — specifically the Middle East where Eden, as an old Arabist at Oxford, had long prided himself on a special insight and expertise. He had always been a moderate here, an opponent of force over Abadan, the architect of Britain's military withdrawal from the Canal Zone in 1954. However, he now made mistake after mistake, driven on by a personal animus towards Nasser, whom a kind of inverted Munich complex led him to identify with the dictators fatally appeased twenty years earlier.

Most of the key decisions were essentially Eden's — the disastrous decision to back down from supporting the Aswan dam project; the plans for military intervention in immediate response to nationalisation; the creation of an "inner Cabinet" excluding Butler; the secret manoeuvres with the French and Israelis in October 1956, which even Mr James has to call a "conspiracy" and "close to illegality."

The author, often rightly, places some of the blame on other shoulders. He shows the serpentine quality of US policy in the Middle East, especially that of Foster Dulles. He points to the lack of consistent support from others in the Cabinet, including, in the end, a complete *demarche* by Macmillan, previously a strong "hawk". He is critical of Gaitskell's ambiguous attitude and has some damaging comments on the latter's official biography on this score.

Even so, it is incontestable that the Prime Minister was the main architect of a misconceived, badly-handled military invasion of Egypt that did immense harm.

Bevan ironically congratulated Selwyn Lloyd for "sounding the bugle of advance to cover his retreat." It severely, perhaps fatally, undermined Britain's international standing. Eden (who resigned due to ill-health soon after, even though he was to live on for a further 20 years) was the inevitable victim of the wrath that followed.

Eden had many fine qualities; he was courageous, moderate, decent. He presented the acceptable face of pre-Thatcherite "one-nation" Conservatism. He worked well with Labour colleagues. On such matters as the transfer of power in India, he was far more sensible than Churchill himself.

Yet his career is indelibly stamped with failure, and, if it is viewed as a whole, and not just in terms of the events of 1956, the reasons become clear. Eden had only a limited aquaintance with British domestic politics and opinion. He was detached from his own party, with few close friends, and for this reason alone was a poor Prime Minister. His febrile, highly-strung personality did not make for calm decision-making in a crisis. He described himself once as "just a bloody prima donna," and his rages were legendary.

Eden was a survivor of the first world war, trying to work out its implications for his country in the different, rapidly-changing international policy after 1945. Both personalities, the "two kinds of man," jostling within him — the measured diplomat and the impulsive autocrat — tried to respond. In the end, tragically, both failed.

ARAUCARIA

**ACROSS**

7. Periodical supply of arms (8)
9. Fool in the soup? (6)
10. Draw, with other things, hydrogen (4)
11. One who follows closely where the money is — fishy! (6, 4)
12. Doctors are intimidating in Russia (6)
14. Unique example, possibly unchosen (8)
15. Poet, outside ship, looking green (6)
17. Comrades in arms return sea-sick inside (6)
20. Tom's post with people he wants (4-4)
22. Museum left to destructive person (6)
23. Sort of gal her duty guides? (10)
24. Be a portent of born poet's work (4)
25. Worst possible direction to be scattered (6)
26. To do this there's no pressing hurry, God reveals (5-3)

**DOWN**

1. Aroma surrounding painting, music, etc, causes glee (4-4)
2, 3 Woodwind in broadcast with cords attached (4, 6)
4, 5, 8 Unintentional grins become evident in car, perhaps (8, 10, 6)
6. From nought up to 99 — under 100 — patients may come here (6)
8. See 4
13, 16 Churchwarden, perhaps, a sort of messenger to a sort of star, provides sport (4, 6, 8)
18, 19 The ordinary native servant has colour (8-6)
21. Card game in the car test (6)
22. Guardian's entertaining readers under five at the 20? (6)
24. Decorative furniture sounds like a French game (4)

# Worshipping the past

**By Frank Kermode**

*THE FIFTIES, by Edmund Wilson, edited with an introduction by Leon Edel. (Macmillan, £19.95).*

THIS is the fourth decade of Wilson's Notebooks and Diaries. In 1955 he reached the age of 60, and occasionally looked back on his early days with regret: "Oh what fine thoughts we had . . ." So many of those talented friends were "insane or dead or Roman Catholic converts."

His father had died at sixty, and he was glad to have passed that age, though, as he observes without self-pity, he had a lot to put up with. He talks about his gout, his tics, his breathlessness, his nightmares.

His fourth marriage was to last till he died, but it had its problems; his wife didn't like spending time in the ancestral hom in northern New York State. He annotates his sex life with his habitual candour and sometimes, as before, in a way I can't help finding disagreeable — "I felt myself driving the charge home, etc." He notices the waning of libido: "I wake up often without an erection."

But there is little sign of diminishing intellectual energy. Wilson had changed, of course; as a young man his interests were different. The author of Axel's Castle and To the Finland Station was also the critic who did so much to ensure the American reception of "modernist" literature. He lost his passion for the contemporary and became a fastidious, rather melancholy, worshipper of the past — especially, though by no means only, the American past, and the history of his own family.

What did not change was his almost unmatched curiosity, his intellectual energy. I suppose there is no living man of letters who reads so systematically in so many languages; and there can be few who write so incessantly, not only about books but about people and ideas and indeed whatever earns his attention. That he is out of fashion with modern critics may be explained by the fact that wide reading is, too.

In his fifties Wilson visited Israel for his famous book on the Dead Sea Scrolls, spent time with the Iroquois for another book, and made several trips to Europe a lifelong Anglophobe (he thought we had dragged his country into both wars) he was very much at home in London. The people be liked best were Isaiah Berlin, Angus Wilson and Cyril Connolly, whom he enjoyed as a bit of a scamp.

However, he decided that intellectuals in Europe and England were "now more provincial than we." He failed entirely to understand why Anthony Powell was thought to be any good, but allowed that Genet was a great writer.

He wanted these writings published, and entrusted the necessary editing to Leon Edel, who has done it with affection. My only complaint is that this splendid bedside book can't be read in bed. It is so parsimoniously bound that it won't stay open in one place.

# Chess

**By Leonard Barden**

No. 1930

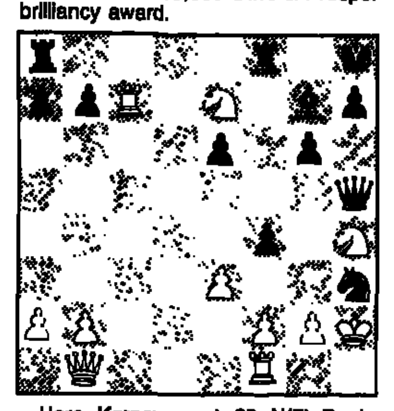
White mates in three moves at latest, against any defence (by K. Junker, 1981). Only subtle play can break Black's counters of rook and knight checks.

**Solution No. 1929.** White K at KB7, R at KR5, B at QR8, Ns at Q4 and KR3. Black K at KN6. Mate in three, 1 B-R1 K-R7 2 N-K2 KxB 3 N-B4 mate, or if 1 . . . K-N5 2 N-B5 KxR 3 B-B3 mate.

AFTER the games, the books. Both *Kasparov vs Karpov Leningrad/London 1986* (224 pages, £2.95 until 31 October, then £9.95 from Chequers, 18 Chalk Farm Road, London NW1) and *The Centenary Match: Kasparov-Karpov III* by Raymond Keene and David Goodman (Batsford, 124 pages, £5.95) were published within a very few days of Karpov's grudging concession of the final point in Leningrad. Also available at £3.50 are the official match *bulletins published by the British* Chess Federation and available from Room 270, Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street, London EC2. All prices above are post free.

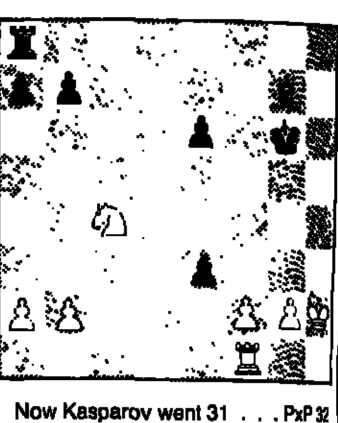
As often happens with complex games, the analysts and authors disagree over several key positions, and an excellent way to improve is to set up the relevant diagrams and decide for yourself who is right.

A case in point is game eleven, which a panel of British grandmasters chose for the £10,000 Save & Prosper brilliancy award.



Here Karpov went 23 N(7)xP ch. Keene and Goodman analyse 23 N(5)xP ch PxN 24 QxP Q-R2 but now only give 25 QxQ ch with equality. But the Chequers book quotes a German GM who found 25 PxN! PxP 26 QxKP R-B3 27 QxP when White is two pawns up. Can Black improve in turn? There is 26 . . . B-B3 when 27 QxP QR-K1 is a winning pin, so 27 PxP Q-N2 28 R-KB5! It looks as if Black has to go into a lost ending by 27 . . . Q-B2.

Thus it seems that Karpov missed a clear win on move 23, and Miles in the Chequers book shows that he could have regained the winning position after his actual 23rd. Much later, the game reached this ending.



Now Kasparov went 31 . . . PxP 32 RxP P-N4 33 N-K3 *and it was soon a* draw. Miles calls the pawn swap 'strange' and gives 31 . . . P-N4! 32 NxP BxP when 'Black's queenside pawns and active bishop give him some chances'. Keene and Goodman continue 33 R-QN1 B-K4 ch 34 P-N3 P-R3 but call Black's edge 'very little'.

In fact, Black's position looks the type you can play for hours, where White has to be careful and maybe ends up with rook against rook and bishop. By world champion standards, 31 . . . PxP seems almost a blunder. So, £10,000 for a game with at least two serious missed opportunities?! Judge for yourself when playing over the moves from these excellent match books.

# Bridge

**By Rixi Markus©**

I DID not play in the teams championship at this year's Juan les Pins Bridge Festival, but I managed to watch some of the play at the crucial stages. The hands were so interesting that it proved to be enjoyable kibitzing, and here is one fascinating problem which the player whom I was watching had to face. He held the following hand as West:

♠ 6 4 2
♥ J 8 6
♦ 8 4 3 2
♣ J 5 2

and he had to find an opening lead after the following auction:

| South | West | North | East |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1S | NB | 2D | NB |
| 3C | NB | 3H | NB |
| 3NT | NB | 6NT | D'ble |
| NB | NB | NB | |

What would your choice have been?

East's double is obviously a Lightner Double, asking you to find an unusual opening lead. This means a heart lead is out *of the question, for that would* probably be your normal opening lead; in any case, partner did not take the opportunity to double North's fourth-suit bid of 3H. A diamond lead is not likely to be essential, for North's jump to 6NT is probably based on a good diamond suit, and South will not be able to come to twelve tricks without using dummy's long suit.

This means that East must be trying to attract a lead in one of the black *suits, and there is a strong case to be* made for finding the most unusual lead of all, that of the declarer's first suit. In fact, a spade lead was the only lead to defeat the contract, for the full deal was as follows:

Dealer South; North-South vulnerable.

NORTH
♠ 8
♥ K 10 9
♦ A K Q J 10
♣ K 10 6 3

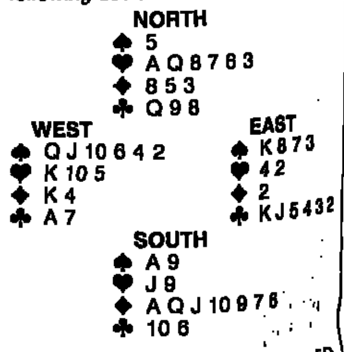
| WEST | EAST |
|---|---|
| ♠ 6 4 2 | ♠ A K Q 9 |
| ♥ J 8 6 | ♥ 5 4 3 2 |
| ♦ 8 4 3 2 | ♦ 9 7 6 |
| ♣ J 5 2 | ♣ 9 7 |

SOUTH
♠ J 10 7 5 3
♥ A Q 7
♦ 5
♣ A Q 8 4

The opening spade lead defeated the contract by two tricks for an enormous swing on the board: East-West collected +500 when North-South could have scored +1,370 in 6C or 6D.

I played in the three-session mixed pairs championship in Juan les Pins with the Austrian Wolfgang Meinl, one of the current European champions. We finished 11th out of 370, despite having played together only once before and getting off to a poor start.

My partner showed his skill on the following deal:



NORTH
♠ 5
♥ A Q 8 7 6 3
♦ 8 5 3
♣ Q 9 8

| WEST | EAST |
|---|---|
| ♠ Q J 10 6 4 2 | ♠ K 8 7 3 |
| ♥ K 10 5 | ♥ 4 2 |
| ♦ K 4 | ♦ 2 |
| ♣ A 7 | ♣ K J 5 4 3 2 |

SOUTH
♠ A 9
♥ J 9
♦ A Q J 10 9 7 6
♣ 10 6

Meinl became the declarer in 5D doubled after the opponents had bid and raised spades. West led the queen of spades, and declarer won with the ace and cashed the ace of diamonds, just in case the king was singleton in either defender's hand.

When both opponents followed with small diamonds, South led the jack of hearts to the king and ace. He then cashed the queen of hearts and ruffed a heart in the closed hand. When West had to follow suit on this trick, my partner was home. He ruffed his losing spade in dummy and led an established heart, discarding one of his club losers. West was able to ruff with the king of diamonds and cash the ace of clubs, but South made the rest of the tricks with winning diamonds.

As you will see, only an opening club lead and continuation would have defeated 5D for certain; however, it would have been easy for South to go down if he had not been able to resist taking the diamond finesse.

# A COUNTRY DIARY

LAKE DISTRICT: The neat ascent, finger and toe, of sunlit rock is always a strangely-satisfying delight and especially so, I found, after a long absence from technical climbing. A warm, windless day, with sunshine from dawn to dusk, was selected and Grey Crags in Birkness Combe above Buttermere chosen as a place where undemanding routes, within the ambit of a rickety septuagenarian, might be found. The young expert, laden with ironmongery, was even prepared to allow the old timer to lead alternate pitches and three linked climbs, totalling about 700 feet, eventually put us on top of the mountain. It was carefree, cheerful climbing here in the early 1930s with our old hemp ropes and black plimsolls; this day, it was all chocks, runners and handjams with complicated rope engineering replacing old-fashioned techniques.

But the magic of well-remembered joys was still there — the feel of warm, rough rock, the thrill of the drop between one's feet, the route-finding, the bilberry eating between climbs, the airy perches and the beck winding through the combe far below. From one high stance we could look right over the summit of High Crag, just across the corrie, to the Langdale Pikes and then, by turning the head slightly, could enjoy the splendid panorama of all the north west fells with Skiddaw and Blencathra in the background, and, down in the dale, the toy cars scurrying over the Honister Pass. Now and again we spotted the little black matchsticks of walkers moving along the splendid ridge and, once, could hear their voices. In 50 years nothing had changed — except that once-familiar holds seemed to have shrunk in size and, strangely, to have moved further apart.

*A. Harry Griffin*



RUGBY LEAGUE: Paul Fitzpatrick: Great Britain 16, Australia 38

# *Britain needs more than courage*

GREAT BRITAIN went into the first Whitbread Test at Old Trafford on Saturday with a genuine belief that they could beat Australia for the first time since 1978; and by the way they were greeted when they ran on to the pitch a fair proportion of a record crowd of 50,583 thought so too.

These Australians are not as formidable as their 1982 predecessors; and Britain have made some considerable advances since those days of embarrassing inequality. But not enough. In conditions in which the Australians might have been expected to feel less comfortable than the British players they made far fewer mistakes, were tactically more aware and controlled the game for much longer periods. They had the game's outstanding individuals and, conclusively, they ran in seven tries to Britain's three.

The contest, however, had encouraging moments for Britain. Their three tries, two of them good, the other outstanding, were two more than they scored throughout the whole of the 1982 series and as many as they collected in the Tests in Australia in 1984. More gaps are beginning to appear in Australian defences once apparently impenetratable.

But — the theme of Maurice Bamford's post mortem examination — Britain still do not know how to cope with the relentless *pressure the Australians are* capable of exerting. The British coach was so satisfied with the commitment and attitude of his players that he announced as soon as they trooped into the dressing room that the same 15 plus two reserves would be retained for the second Test. There is, however, far more to the game at this punishing level than undying courage.

The sort of lapse to which Britain are still prone was illustrated vividly soon after Lydon had scored an exhilarating 75-yard try in the 53rd minute. That touchdown brought the score to 10-16 after the Australians had led 16-0 at the interval. It was the best period of the game for Britain but from the restart Hanley and Gill between them bungled an opportunity to gain possession.

Possession went back to Australia; Lewis made a typically irresistible break down the middle, drew Lydon and fed Miles, and the centre went in for the second of his three tries. O'Connor landed a simple goal, Lydon was banished to the sin-bin for ten minutes for his late challenge on Lewis, and a home revival had been crushed before it threatened serious danger.

What followed was reminiscent of 1982 when the Australians were apt to land a number of devastatingly heavy punches over the final minutes. Lovely centre play between Kenny and Miles sent in O'Connor (who collected a record 22 points in all) for his third try; Myler dropped the ball in front of his own posts and Miles gathered his third try; and Jack, moving so quickly that a strong impression of off-side was almost certainly false, gathered a perfectly judged kick from Sterling to plunge over the line.

Britain, creditably, still had some defiance left in them and Crooks, who had fed his Hull colleague Schofield for his first try in the 50th minute, produced the dart and pass that brought him a second in the final minutes. That reduced the deficit to 22 points, a margin which even the Australian camp considered to be slightly flattering.

It is not one, though, that can be lightly explained away and the British management team of Bamford, Les Bettinson and Phil Larder will have to do some hard, honest analysis between now and the second Test at Elland Road next week.

They will need to work on the defensive lapses which allowed Miles and O'Connor (twice) to score untroubled tries.

**GREAT BRITAIN** — Lydon (Wigan); Marchant (Castleford), Schofield (Hull), Hanley (Wigan), Gill (Wigan); Myler (Widnes), Fox (Featherstone Rovers); Ward (Castleford), Watkinson (Hull KR, capt), Fieldhouse (Widnes), Crooks (Hull), Potter (Wigan), Goodway (Wigan).
**AUSTRALIA** — Jack; Kiss (Meninga, 51 min), Kenny, Miles, O'Connor; Lewis (capt), Sterling; Dowling, Simmons, Roach, Cleal, Niebling, Lindner (Lamb, 77 min).
Referee: J. Rascagneres (France).

# SOCCER RESULTS

**TODAY LEAGUE — FIRST DIVISION:** Arsenal 3, Chelsea 1; Aston Villa 2, Newcastle 0; Everton 3, Watford 2; Leicester 2, Southampton 3; Luton 4, Liverpool 1; Oxford United 2, Nottingham Forest 1; QPR 2, Tottenham 0; Sheffield Wednesday 2, Coventry 2; West Ham 1, Charlton 3; Wimbledon 2, Norwich 0. **Played Sunday:** Man City 1, Man United 1. **Leading Positions:** 1, Nottingham Forest (p12, pts23); 2, Norwich (p12, pts22); 3, Everton (p12, pts21).

**SECOND DIVISION:** Barnsley 2, Sheffield United 2; Blackburn v Bradford postponed; Crystal Palace 2, Shrewsbury 3; Derby 4, Brighton 1; Grimsby 0, Leeds 0, Huddersfield 1, Hull 3; Ipswich 2, Stoke 0; Millwall 3, Plymouth 1; Portsmouth 2, West Brom 1; Reading 2, Oldham 3; Sunderland 2, Birmingham 0. **Leading Positions:** 1, Portsmouth (p12, pts25); 2, Oldham (p12, pts24); 3, Leeds Utd (p12, pts21).

**THIRD DIVISION:** Bolton 1, Chester 1 Bournemouth 3, Wigan 1; Bristol City 2 Middlesbrough 2, Carlisle 2, Bristol Rovers 0, Chesterfield 3, Newport 2; Darlington 0, Swindon 0; Fulham 2, Bury 1, Mansfield v Blackpool postponed; Notts County 3, Doncaster 1; Port Vale 1, Gillingham 2; Walsall 5, Brentford 2; York 2, Rotherham 1. **Leading Positions:** 1, Bournemouth (p12, pts27); 2, Middlesbrough (p13, pts25); 3, Gillingham (p12, pts25).

**FOURTH DIVISION:** Aldershot 1, Hartlepool 1; Cardiff 1, Scunthorpe 1; Crewe 2, Halifax 2; Exeter 3, Burnley 0; Northampton 3, Hereford 2; Peterborough 0, Lincoln 1; Rochdale v Preston postponed; Torquay 3, Swansea 5; Wolverhampton 3, Orient 1; Wrexham v Cambridge United postponed. **Played Friday:** Stockport 1, Colchester 1; Tranmere 1, Southend 3 **Leading Positions:** 1, Northampton (p12, pts31); 2, Swansea (p13, pts24); 3, Exeter (p13, pts23).

**FINE FARE SCOTTISH LEAGUE — PREMIER DIVISION:** Clydebank 1, St Mirren 1; Dundee 3, Falkirk 0; Hamilton 0, Aberdeen 1; Hearts 2, Dundee United 2; Motherwell 4, Hibernian 1 **Leading Positions:** 1, Celtic (p13, pts22). 2, Dundee U (p14, pts22); 3, Rangers (p13, pts19). Hearts (p14, pts19). **Sunday:** Skol Cup Final — Celtic 1, Rangers 2.

**FIRST DIVISION:** Clyde 2, Forfar 3, Dunfermline 4, Brechin 0, East Fife 3, Queen of South 2, Kilmarnock 2, Airdrie 0, Montrose 1, Dumbarton 0, Morton 1, Partick 2 **Leading Positions:** 1, Dunfermline (p16, pts22), 2, Dumbarton (p16, pts21); 3, E Fife (p16, pts18); 4, Airdrie (p16, pts18).

**SECOND DIVISION:** Ayr 2, Meadowbank 0; Berwick 1, Cowdenbeath 3; East Stirling 2, Queen's Park 0; Raith Rovers 3, Arbroath 0, Stenhousemuir 1, St Johnston 1; Stirling A 0, Albion 2; Stranraer 0, Alloa 1. **Leading Positions:** 1, Alloa (p12, pts20); 2, Raith Rovers (p12, pts18); 3, Meadowbank (p12, pts18).

MOTOR RACING: Richard Yallop in Adelaide

# Mansell's hopes explode

ALAIN PROST took wing in Sunday's Australian Grand Prix, while Nigel Mansell, the pre-race favourite for the world championship, afterwards had the limp and lifeless look of a bird with broken wings.

All week he had been cheeping merrily about the race, but in the shock of defeat, after a blown tyre took him out of the race in the 63rd lap, ending his hopes of a first British world championship since James Hunt in 1976, he could barely speak. He trudged back from his crippled machine to the Williams pits, embraced his wife, Roseanne, shooed away the hovering press vultures, and locked himself in his caravan.

Looking ashen on the verge of collapse, Mansell eventually emerged from the caravan, only to be pressed back against a wire fence by the pursuing pack of journalists and cameramen. He turned towards the fence, and propped himself up on it, whispering to a Williams official, as though deciding on a common plan of attack. Then he snapped out at the reporters: "Okay, I'm doing one press conference, all together, and that's it.

"It was a desperate race today. When Nelson overtook me he nearly forced me off the road, and when Alain passed it was pretty close. I figured I didn't have to fight, and let them go."

*The competition at the start* was so savage that by the end of the first lap Mansell, who was on pole, had dropped to fourth, behind Piquet, Senna and Prost. He needed only to finish third and did not show the same desperation as Piquet or Prost, both of whom has to win.

The key twists in the Grand Prix plot were provided by the Goodyear tyres on the Williams and McLaren cars. In the 34th lap a puncture had forced Prost, then second behind Rosberg, into the pits for a 17-second tyre change. It was some measure of Prost's cool mastery that he could make that up and and get back to the leaders.

When the Goodyear officials saw the state of Prost's tyres they decided the cars would be able to get through the 82-lap race without a change, and advised team officials accordingly. Rosberg, whose tyre lost its tread in the 62nd lap, and Mansell, whose tyre blew a lap later, had cause to regret that they did not change.

After Rosberg's tyre went, the Williams team called Mansell in, but before he reached the pits his tyre blew. He did well to control the car as it slewed across the straight. Piquet, the leader, was immediately called in to change his tyres for safety reasons, and Prost was left in front. Piquet closed to within four seconds of the leader because Prost had to slow up to conserve fuel. He finished with the gauge showing minus five litres.

Rosberg told Prost beforehand that if he was leading at the end he would let the Frenchman past for the championship. "He helped me a lot being first, like a rabbit," Prost said. "The two Williams had to push very hard to catch him. So, thank you to Keke."

The win made Prost, aged 31, only the third driver to retain the championship after Jack Brabham in 1960 and Juan Fangio, champion from 1954-7. Appropriately Sir Jack was in Adelaide on Sunday to witness Prost's singleminded brilliance.

**WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP:** Drivers: 1, Prost 72pts. 2, Mansell (GB) 70; 3, Piquet 69; 4, Senna (Br) 55; 5, Johannesson 23, 6, Rosberg (Fin) 22; 7, Berger (Austria) 17; 8, Laffite (Fr) 14; 9, Alboreto (It) 14, 10, Arnoux (Fr) 14, 11, Brundle 8, 12, Jones (Aus) 4; 13, Dumfries 3, 14, Streiff 3; 15, Fabi 2, 16, Tambay (Fr) 2, 17, Patrese (It) 2; 18, Alliot (Fr) 1, 19 Canner (WG) 1 Constructors: 1, Williams 141pts. 2, McLaren 96, 3, Lotus 60, 4, Ferrari 37 5, Ligier 29 6 Benetton 19; 7, Tyrrell 11; 8, Lola 6 9, Brabham 2, 10, Arrows 1

Final Race Positions: (82 laps, 309 95 km) 1 Prost (Fr) McLaren 1hr 54min 20·388sec, 2, Piquet (Br) Williams 1-54-24.593; 3, Johansson (Swe) Ferrari; 4 Brundle (GB) Tyrrell (both one lap behind); 5, Streiff (Fr) Tyrrell; 6 Dumfries (GB) Lotus (both two laps behind); 7, Arnoux (Fr) Ligier (three laps behind); 9, Palmer (GB) Zakspeed; 10. Fabi (It) Benetton (both five laps behind).

# Plastic pitches ground high-fliers

ENGLISH soccer's high fliers were brought sharply to earth, or plastic, at the weekend, none more than the champions, Liverpool, beaten for the first time on the artificial pitch at Luton Town. Almost as embarrassed were the table-toppers, Nottingham Forest and Norwich City, who both lost away from home, although not so emphatically as Liverpool's 4-1 defeat.

The three were in good company, for the other two leading clubs in the First Division, West Ham and Tottenham, also lost, both to fellow-London clubs, Charlton and Queen's Park Rangers respectively.

The scars showed mainly on Liverpool, who have never enjoyed artificial surfaces. They were always under pressure from a Luton team who had not scored in their four previous games. Most of the punishment came from Newell, who scored three goals — and he was once on Liverpool's books as an amateur and trained with the club.

Even the electronic scoreboard mocked the struggling champions. When hit by one wayward Liverpool shot at goal the board signalled: "Ouch! The goal is below!" Even Liverpool's consolation goal came through a penalty.

Liverpool's dislike of the plastic surface is shared by many other clubs even though the move to switch from grass is slowly growing. It will have been given emphasis by the news that the English Schools Football Association have decided to play the Under-15 boys' international between England and Northern Ireland at Luton next February. It is believed to be the first international in Europe at any level on an artificial surface.

Queen's Park Rangers introduced plastic surfaces to the League in 1980 and have since been joined by Luton, Preston North End, and Oldham Athletic. *Six other clubs, all in the game's* lower divisions, have been given approval for the standard three years' trial. Some local authorities are prepared to pay towards the installation at their local clubs, where they can be used for other events as well. Luton, for example, made about £100,000 from outside use of their pitch last season. On the other hand professional players are concerned about reports that they suffer more serious injuries to joints on artificial turf than on natural surfaces.

In addition to the shocks at the top there were a couple of scoring curiosities at the weekend. In Everton's 3-2 victory over Watford a defender, Mountfield, had a part in four of the goals, scoring twice for Everton, plus an own goal, and being responsible for giving away the penalty that led to Watford's second. And in the windy conditions at Sheffield Wednesday the Coventry City goalkeeper, Ogrizovic, scored with a long punt downfield from his own goal.

☆ ☆ ☆

IT was harder work scoring in midweek for two of the Scottish clubs left in the European soccer competitions. Glasgow Celtic found Dynamo Kiev quite a handful in the first leg, second-round match in the European Cup in a 1-1 draw, while Glasgow Rangers have only a 2-1 lead over Portugal's Boavista from their UEFA Cup home leg. Dundee United look more hopeful in the same competition, taking a 3-0 lead to Universitatea Craiova *in a fortnight. Welsh club* Wrexham managed a goalless match at Real Zaragoza and will be hopeful of going further in the Cupwinners' Cup.

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CELTIC and Rangers attracted 74,000 spectators to Hampden Park on Sunday for the final of the old Scottish League cup, the Skol Cup. Rangers won a controversial game 2-1 to take their first title under new player-manager, Graeme Souness, but it was a game marred by acrimony and questionable refereeing. Celtic's Johnston was sent off and 10 other players cautioned.

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A MOMENT of ill-discipline, the sort of action rugby union is tackling firmly, took some of the gilt off the B international between Wales and France at Pontypridd at the weekend. France were reduced to 14 men after 20 minutes when their No. 8, Bourguignon, was sent off for allegedly kicking at an opponent. The French battled on to match the Welsh in scoring a try and a penalty kick to level the scores after 58 minutes. But in a late flurry Wales scored a converted try, while France could manage only a penalty kick to see Wales through 13-10.

London Welsh, meanwhile, came near to being banned from playing for a time because of disciplinary problems in club matches. They have had 13 men sent off in three *seasons, but the Middlesex county* rugby union decided to allow them to continue playing, after issuing warnings.

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AUSTRALIA's rugby league players had warmed up for the first Test at Manchester by beating Cumbria 48-12 in midweek, the third consecutive match in which they have scored more than 40 points. In the league St Helens retained the First Division leadership even though they had no game at the weekend. Bradford Northern moved into second place *by beating Leeds away 12-4.*

☆ ☆ ☆

IAN BOTHAM has signed a three-year contract to play for Queensland in Australia from next winter. The deal, which will mean that he will no longer be available for English winter touring selection, was disclosed at the end of England's losing match against the state in Brisbane at the weekend. He will still be able to play in English summer cricket. It was England's first defeat of the tour, going down by five wickets after Botham, 86, and Foster, 74, had staged rearguard actions to take England to 339 in their second innings. There had been fears at one stage that England, 135 in the first innings, would be beaten inside the distance when five men had gone for 99 in chasing Queensland's 311 for seven declared. Lamb, who hit 111 earlier in the week in England's *win by 85 runs in a 50-overs match* against South Queensland Country XI, resisted well for 65. Queensland, 58 for two at the start of the final day, had no difficulty in reaching their victory target of 106.

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GERMANY'S Steffi Graf took her eighth lawn tennis title in seven months when she won the final of the Pretty Polly tournament at Brighton at the weekend. She beat Sweden's Catarina Lindqvist 6-3, 6-3.

☆ ☆ ☆

JIMMY WHITE won the Rothmans grand prix snooker title at Reading at the weekend in beating Rex Williams 10-6. It was the first time Williams, a world billiards champion, aged 53, had reached a major snooker final. He had done so by beating on the way Steve Davis and Alex Higgins, but having taken a 5-2 lead against 24-years-old White then found himself reduced to a supporting role through some brilliant potting by his opponent.

Alan Dunn's DIARY